

SPORTS ALL STARS MACO FOOTBALL EDITION

MACO
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FOOTBALL

1958

Murray Olderman's Top Pro Selections

Feature: T-Quarterbacks Don't Ride The Rocking Chair



College Roundup: Future Pros
Spotlight On Utah's Grosscup



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SPORTS ALL STARS FOOTBALL 1958

by Murray Olderman

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ALL- STAR PRO OFFENSE

A look at the current lineups would seem to prove that defense has caught up to offense among the pros, and the names that follow — from Brito to Schmidt — represent the forces that indicate why this is so



Invaluable Y. A. Tittle gets ready to launch one of the long, hard passes that helped the Forty-Niners to their best season in '57

OLD YAT HAS IT YET

If a man hangs around the NFL for 10 years or so, he's bound to be called an "old pro."

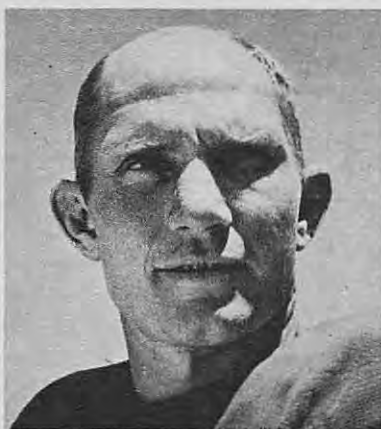
Last year, however, Yelberton Abraham Tittle, the bald-headed T-quarterback of the San Francisco Forty-Niners, gave the term new definition, especially on an afternoon in mid-December.

Now Y. A., or Yat, has completed 10 full seasons in professional football. That kind of duty will get you in

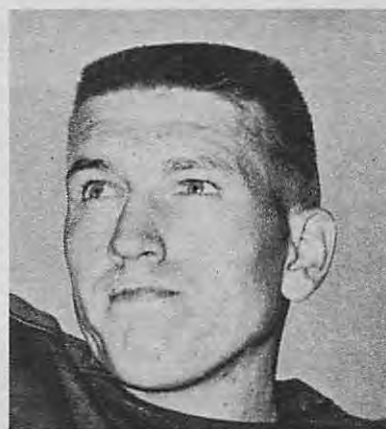
the legs first, and on this particular afternoon, with the Green Bay Packers in town for a season-ending visit, Tittle, ankles and knees aching, was barely able to hobble around. He hadn't practiced all week.

So coach Frankie Albert had John Brodie, a fine rookie quarterback, in the lineup for a game that meant everything — the Forty-Niners needed to win to clinch a tie for the Western Division title. The Packers, with

It's hard for a coach to decide whether an old pro like Tittle, or a rising young star like Johnny Unitas, is the bigger QB prize, team-wise. The head man actually needs both for maximum security



Y. A. Tittle



Johnny Unitas

the nonchalance that a last-place team can afford, piled up a 20-10 lead at halftime. At halftime, the Forty-Niners, as Cholly Dressen would say, was dead. The packed Kezar Stadium crowd began folding up blankets and stashing away thermos bottles. When the Forty-Niners lined up for their first offensive series of the second half, old No. 14 slapped a silver helmet on his bare dome and limped onto the field. The crowd was soon in a frenzy as Tittle steered the Forty-Niners into field-goal range.

A few minutes later, firing to end Billy Wilson for precious yards, slipping handoffs to bolting Joe Perry, he moved them to the touchdown that tied it, 20-20. By the end of the third period, the Forty-Niners had again stormed to the Green Bay 23-yard line. In the fourth quarter Tittle flipped over the middle to Wilson for a gain of 18. Two jolts by Perry, and the Forty-Niners were in for the winning touchdown that ensured their highest finish in a 13-year history.

And Old Pro Tittle did it. Y. A. could have begged off. His season was in the bag. The injuries that kept him on the bench during the first half were legitimate. But when they needed him, Yat had it. In the 30 minutes of the second half he completed 10 of 14 passes, and none were pilfered.

That built his 1957 season performance up to a fantastic 63.1 per cent of completions, third best in the history of the league. As a pro, Tittle has accounted for almost 11 miles gained in the air.

But then, even when he was a 17-year-old tailback at Louisiana State in 1944, they knew that he had a magnificent arm. His talent as a take-charge guy, however, didn't manifest itself until recent years. Tittle was mired for three seasons with the hopeless Baltimore Colts of the old All-America Conference. When he was transferred to the Forty-Niners in 1951, he wound up a second-stringer to his current coach, Frank Albert. By 1953, he helped push Frankie into retire-

ment, and the Forty-Niners might have won that year if a Detroit Lion knee hadn't caught him in the cheek as he was being tackled and fractured the bone in three places. San Francisco lost only three games all season, two of them while Yat was convalescing.

In 1954 he played the first seven games with a broken hand. Tittle's not one of those rocking-chair QB's who shies away from the rough stuff. He made the Forty-Niner attack particularly effective in '57 because he didn't hesitate to roll out with the ball himself when the defenses pinched in to bottle the other ball carriers, or break up the middle on delayed quarterback draws. His running feats (220 yards on 40 carries) were all the more remarkable because he's painfully slow.

At 31, he's not getting any faster, but experience has taken him a long way — from his home town of Marshall, Tex., to San Francisco's swank suburban community of Atherton on the southern peninsula and a flourishing insurance brokerage business to help support Mrs. Tittle and their three children.

That experience also helps him keep up with guys like Johnny Unitas, who represents the other school of NFL quarterbacks — the young and hungry. The lean sharpshooter of the Baltimore Colts is one of those makes-you-sick-to-think-of-it examples of a kid who was shunned by the pros, released by his home-town Pittsburgh Steelers with scarcely a glance while they concentrated on Teddy Marchibroda (since released), and was plucked right off a sand lot to become a standout pro.

In his second season with the Colts, Unitas shoved highly touted George Shaw to the bench and enjoyed a fantastic '57 campaign. To make the Colts the surprise club of the year, he led the league in completions, yards gained and number of touchdown passes thrown (24).

He's a raw-boned 190-pounder who played his collegiate football at Louisville (again because the big college teams shunned him). His performance up to now has drawn raves, and he's going to be even better.

Opponents who have run into Brown and Casares say they'll take a cement-mixer any day. And the boys can pour on the speed, too

SOPHOMORE JINX: DOES



JIMMY KNOW THERE IS ONE?



They said no rookie would ever do it again after Alan Ameche introduced himself to the pros in 1955 by running off with the individual ground-gaining championship, the first rookie ever to crash the National Football League with such impact.

"A fluke," they shrugged. "We'll catch up to the Horse." And in certain measure they did. Still a fine fullback, the linecracker from Kenosha has been reduced to increasingly modest yardage returns.

In the meantime, along came Jimmy Brown.

A fullback, too. Maybe even more of a raw rookie than Ameche. At Syracuse, he was called a halfback, although the distinction in today's T-alignment can be a purely semantic one when all three deep men are asked to duck their heads into the line.

Still, when Jimmy Brown joined the Cleveland team at Hiram, Ohio, last August, after a fairly docile visit with the College All-Stars, his first job was to make sure he'd be around next payday. His second was to get into a game, against the bullish competition offered by Ed (Big Mo) Modzelewski, who didn't need to prove his ability. His third was to make the league aware of the fact that he had to be reckoned with.

He succeeded on all three counts. In his first year of professional football, Jim led all 12 teams in yards gained rushing, set a new league record for yards gained in one game by ripping the Los Angeles Rams for 237 and was voted Rookie of the Year.

The next logical question is: Can Brown do it again? Or is there such a thing as a sophomore jinx in pro football? It's a term used frequently in baseball to explain the inexplicable: a new hitter suddenly becomes an easy out after he's been around the league a few times, a pitcher loses his touch when the batters catch on to his stuff. But in football, can familiarity weaken the impact of a fellow who happens to stand a muscular 6-2, weighs 230 pounds and runs like a frightened fawn?

If there is a jinx, it doesn't figure to follow Jimmy. His exploits last year were so sensational that he

Continued on next page

1957 Rookie of the Year Jim Brown swims over the top against the Detroit Lions

JIMMY BROWN — Continued

couldn't miss All-Pro, yet the young fellow from Long Island would come in off the field after plowing the turf for 200 yards on a Sunday afternoon and remonstrate with himself for not doing a better job on blocking or pass protection. This sort of seeking for perfection is bound to improve performance.

The day he set his one-game rushing record, Jimmy insisted, "I actually didn't feel too strong out there. Maybe I'm just getting tired as the season moves along."

The V-shaped fullback has a phenomenal athletic background. In addition to his All-American showing for Syracuse, he was the best lacrosse player in America and a regular on the basketball squad, drafted by the Syracuse Nats of the NBA. If he had stayed with it, he might have made the 1956 Olympic squad as a decathlon performer. He's run the 100 in 10 flat and high-jumped 6'3". As a high-school boy in Manhasset, he



Rick Casares, invaluable to the Bears, is not only tough, but very speedy. He can go at top speed indefinitely

pitched so well that he drew bids from the Yankees and Braves, but decided he liked football better. With his rippling shoulders and 32-inch waist, he could have made quite a boxer.

For Jimmy, however, the gridiron had it all, both for kicks and as a way to make a living. It gave the kid, whose dad was a laborer on a Long Island golf club, a college education. It thrust national prominence on him when he almost upset TCU in the Cotton Bowl with a one-man performance in a 28-27 toe-curler.

Paul Brown, his current boss, knew that day he had his next fullback. Jimmy's size and speed are ideally fitted for the role he fills in the Cleveland offense. Paul Brown's system demands two vital elements — a quarter-

back like Otto Graham who can hit receivers and a fullback like Marion Motley who can keep defenders honest up the middle. The Browns made the draw play a tremendous weapon in the modern T arsenal. In Jimmy they have their latter-day Motley. No new Graham has shown up, but the fullback void was so well filled by the 22-year-old bruiser last year that Cleveland was able to move to the Eastern crown from a dismal second division finish in '56.

The one advantage Brown has over other league fullbacks is the extra burst of speed. Besides his power up the middle, he turns the ends like the halfback he used to be. Even in the championship play-off against Detroit they couldn't stop him completely. He threatened, in fact, to put Cleveland back in the game with one big play. When the Lions led, 17-0, he broke around a Lion flank, found a hole, and turned on the juice for a beautiful 29-yard jaunt to the first Cleveland score of the afternoon. The main reason he didn't do more that afternoon was that the Browns seldom had the ball.

A massive (230 pounds) but graceful sprinter, Brown represents an advance over the Nagurski school of fullback play that used to trample rather than evade. This is not to intimate that Jimmy can't run down a tackler, but even his iron physique would wear down trying to go through the 260-pounders of the NFL week after week of an entire season.

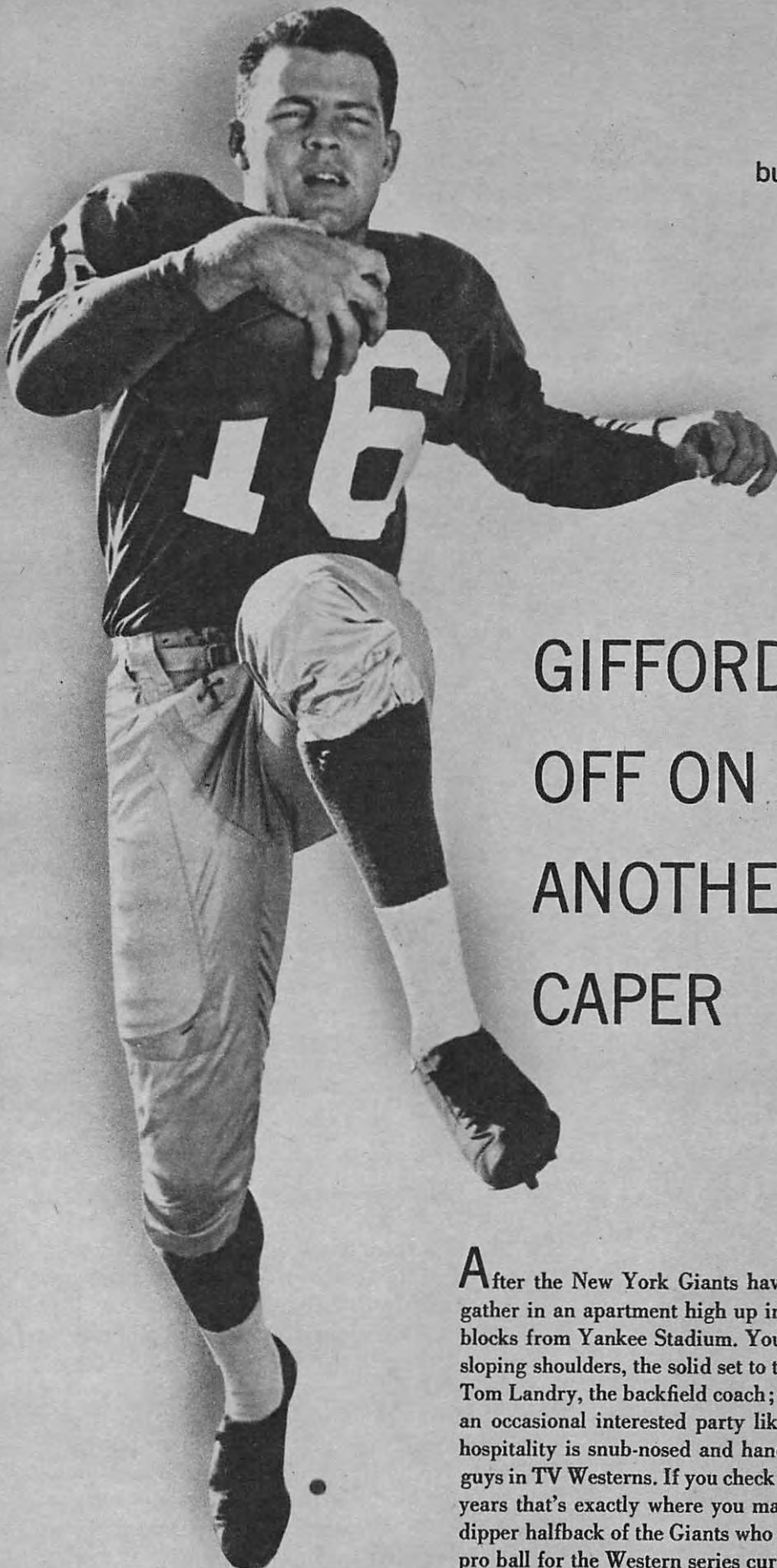
Another advantage that Jimmy has is that Modzelewski, the man he displaced, can spell him—and push him on. "We play the same position," says Jimmy, "but when I first reported to camp, Ed spent half his time telling me what he could about playing fullback. He's what I call a real fine guy."

Rick Casares, the blockbusting fullback of the Chicago Bears, got a taste of what happens when those big linemen keep bumping into you. He finished second to Brown in ground gaining for the 1957 season, but his 700 yards meant a drop-off of 426 yards over the previous campaign, when he roared through the league playing his first season as a regular. Of course, part of Rick's troubles were due to the fact that the Bear forward wall slumped and he had no relief.

In style, Casares leans a bit more to the bruiser school than Brown. Where Jimmy explodes, Rick bulls his way. You'd have to give him an edge in power, but Brown is more likely to go all the way.

Skeptics, in fact, doubted Casares had the speed to make it as an offensive player among the pros when he reported from the University of Florida three years ago. But Rick disproved that with the quickness that once made him a fine amateur boxer around Paterson, N.J., when he was a kid.

Generally speaking, it isn't a healthy idea for an opponent to step in front of either Brown or Casares when a football is plunked into his midriff.



Grauman's Chinese beckons,
but Gifford is finding it tough to
turn his back on pro ball

GIFFORD'S OFF ON ANOTHER CAPER

After the New York Giants have played a home game, a few of them gather in an apartment high up in the Concourse Plaza Hotel a couple of blocks from Yankee Stadium. You can tell they're football players by the sloping shoulders, the solid set to their jaws. Kyle Rote may be there; and Tom Landry, the backfield coach; and Jack Stroud, the burly guard. So is an occasional interested party like Toots Shor. The man dispensing the hospitality is snub-nosed and handsome—the kind you find playing good guys in TV Westerns. If you check your screens closely during the next few years that's exactly where you may find him—Frank Gifford, the hipper-dipper halfback of the Giants who can't quite make up his mind to forsake pro ball for the Western series currently being lined up for him.

The boys meet for these post-game sessions at the Giffords because he's



Gifford (41) is playing the kind of heads-down football that has the Giant brass praying that he'll be around for a long time

FRANK GIFFORD — *Continued*

one of those nice guys whose innate warmth attracts people. And for the more practical reason that Frank's not likely to be blue over having played a bad game.

Poor field performances are virtually unknown to the durable southern Californian who's startled the pros because he gets better every year. A lot of men run faster, some are more slippery, others hit harder, but for the all-purpose man in football you can't top Gifford.

He's that kind of person in everything he does. The big conflict in his life currently is whether to be a cinema

and TV idol or keep throwing himself into his football career with all the vigor of his 28 years and the savvy he's gained from half a dozen pro campaigns.

He likes the slam-bang contact of the gridiron. He makes good money at it, too, and is one of the highest paid halfbacks in the league. But the prospect of cashing in even more heavily as an actor lures him. It's not the tinsel of the profession. Frank's not a bright-lights guy. He'd rather spend his spare moments at home with his wife, Maxine, (a former USC beauty queen) and their three kids. He's rather an introverted person, with a shyness often mistaken for aloofness on first meeting and an inner intensity that betrays itself in pre-game

nerves but also helps key him up for superb individual performances on the field.

The key to Gifford's mental approach to the game is a remark he dropped last December. The Giants were about to close the regular campaign against the Cleveland Browns. The race was decided. The Browns were in, and this one was strictly for exercise. In the offing for Gifford were Hollywood screen tests. Yet he was charged up about the game.

"I don't get it," he puzzled. "Nobody seems to care about this game. But the Browns—any time I play against them, it's the biggest thing in the world to me. You got to beat them—nothing else matters."

1957 wasn't the Giants' year for beating the Browns, but Gifford contributed his bit in that finale—two touchdowns at a time New York was still in the game, one on a 9-yard swoop, the other a pass nabbed in the end zone.

The ground-air combination is typical of Gifford's versatility. He was the 10th leading ground-gainer in the NFL last year. He was the fourth leading pass receiver, with 41, although the coaches insist his backhand method of catching a ball (right hand over left instead of the basket grab) is all wrong. They don't like the careless way he loops his elbow over the ball while wiggling through a hole in the line, either. But he doesn't often get separated from it. The key to his running is that tacklers don't get a square shot at him.

That's because the years have made him smart. In a competitive muscle market where physical abilities level out, he's made the subtleties pay off—little things like the knowledge that you don't cut until the defense man crosses his right foot over his left.

Frank came to the Giants in 1952 as an All-American tailback from Southern Cal thinking he knew it all.

Steve Owens, then the Giants' head man, used the time-honored method to bring him back to earth. He opened the flood gates on him in practice scrimmage. For the uninitiated, the shock can be severe. A back heads for the line, only to find that his blocking, on cue, has suddenly evaporated and 11 pairs of hands are reaching for him. Gifford came through all right, and has been all right ever since, thank you.

Gifford today is so sensitive about his prospective theatrical career that he swore his closest buddies to secrecy about his trips to Mid-Manhattan for dramatic lessons. In addition to his dramatic hopes (he's been a Hollywood employee in the past), the solid Mr. Gifford has dabbled in sportscasting and real estate.

No such ambitions has Ollie Matson, another guy from California whose career has paralleled Gifford's so closely that for the last four years it's been automatic to tick them off as the top halfback threats in the league. Ollie, who played his football at the University of San Francisco, once wanted to be a dentist, but settled for jarring teeth instead, as the ace of the Chicago Cardinals. A primary rule for defense is that you never match Matson one-on-one because his speed is so great (he was a 1952 Olympics participant) that he just can't be held.

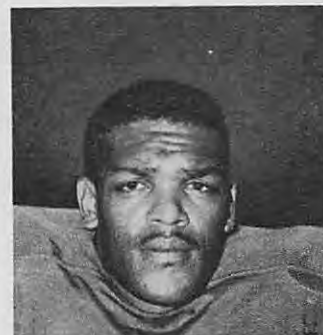
Where the two men's careers have differed is in the fact that Frank has been fortunate enough to play on a team that has gotten consistently better, while a lot of Matson's talents have gone to waste on mediocre teams where all the opposition had to do was gang up against Ollie. It's forced him to gamble with chances pros don't ordinarily take, like circling and leaving his interference, and made him look bad. But when he's good—well, that's when football experts say Gifford and Matson, Matson and Gifford, take your pick.



Matson (33) is rated second only to the Giants' Gifford, and there are those who would put him first

SO WHO CARES IF THIS CAT DON'T BLOCK?

A rock-and-roll buff, Lenny Moore's aversion to the rough and tumble of blocking doesn't keep him from being rated top halfback in the crash-helmeted pro circles



Lenny Moore

A couple of monsoons ago, Lenny Moore dipped his quill in tinted aqua and three-cented a lick to his buddy boy Roosevelt Grier of the New York Giants. "Man," it began, "they really love this cat in Baltimore."

This cool hipster whose hoofs are the swingingest is dug the most by the oofuses who zany after the Colts. Man, it's Endsville when he blasts off with that bladder past some padded square who's grabbing the oxygen.



Jim Podoley

Which is to say the Moore boy who carries the ball for the Baltimore Colts is something special. "Spats" is what the guys on the club call him, a real cool character. Lightning gaited, with an instinct possessed only by the Red Grange types, he's their climax runner.

Rip Engle, who developed him at Penn State, says that the boy has "a sixth sense—he knows when to turn, when to hit into the hole, and when to lay back for an opening," and this makes him all but unique as an offensive threat.

He has logged two years of professional football and for both seasons compiled the best average scrimmage gain of all the leading runners in the game. His first year he sprinted through the Green Bay Packers for 79 yards. Last fall he took a kickoff from Los Angeles on his 8-yard line and squirmed 92 more into the end zone.

The cats in Baltimore get his message the year around. He works as a disc jockey every week-day afternoon

during the off-season on a local rock-'n-roll radio session.

The Colts would dig him even more if Lenny didn't have a tendency to turn around and count the house when someone else has the ball. This aversion to applying hard shoulder to midriff got him in dutch with the coaches for a time in 1956 and resulted in some late-season shuttling in and out of the lineup. The Reading, Pa., native improved on his blocking last year, and if ever he falls completely in line, the NFL will have as fine an All-Pro as you could hope for.

Moore's talent is unquestioned. Ideally sized for the pros at 6-1 and 190, with the speed to go all the way, he turned to pass-catching in 1957 and grabbed off 40 tosses, 29 more than in his rookie season, to rank fifth in the league as a receiver.

At Penn State, where he bolted for 25 touchdowns for three years and was plucked off No. 1 in 1956 player draft, he was known as a tremendous defensive back, best on the squad. His threat as a runner was so great that Penn State was able to buoy up the performance of backs several pegs below Lenny in ability by using Moore as a decoy and opening the gates for the others.

Actually, Lenny thrives on work. As a collegian, he was a 60-minute performer in tough games and did the bulk of the ball-carrying. The Colts have rationed him more cautiously. He has yet to carry the ball 100 times a season (for comparison, Jimmy Brown lugged it 202 times in '57), which makes his presence among the leaders in yards gained even more noteworthy.

As a third-year man, his responsibility is sure to increase. At 24, he has the youth and fire to handle it. Another youngster who'll be getting a bigger play from every angle is Jim Podoley of the Redskins.

Phenom is a tiresome term unless applied to a kid like the tight-browed Skin sophomore. He reported to the pros last year with absolutely no big-time college background. All his playing was at little Central Michigan, where he was better known as a track ace and might have qualified for the coming Olympic decathlon if he hadn't needed to make a living in athletics.

Podoley didn't go to Central Michigan as a star athlete. He was hanging around the cinder paths one afternoon watching a dual track meet when he asked the coach if he could try running the sprints. He won the 100. So he tried the high jump—won that, too. And then took the broad jump. He looked big enough, so they let him play football. Only trouble was he'd disappear for a few days every now and then. The school found out this generally coincided with plowing time back home in Mt. Morris, where he helped on the farm.

The Skins got wind of him, drafted him, and he was a starter by the time they broke camp. He has a spec-

tacular playing style. If a tackler comes in low, Podoley will attempt to hurdle him. The hazard he runs is that he'll be jack-knifed by some 250-pounder in mid-air, and then poof goes Podoley. So far, it hasn't happened to the slim-hipped, long-legged Michigander, who doesn't look as if 191 pounds were scattered over his lean 6-2 frame. He's built more like an end, and the similarity extends to performance. Like the other really top-flight halfbacks in the league, Jim showed in his rookies season he was an adept pass receiver. Last year he was Washington's second-best ball hawk, with 27 nabs, and second-best ground-gainer, picking up 442 yards.

Having kids like Moore and Podoley attract All-Pro attention (along with Jon Arnett of the Los Angeles Rams and Willie Galimore of the Chicago Bears) indicates a turnover is starting among the top backs of the league. The McElhennys are getting on in years (the Matsons and Giffords, too), but this new young class certainly isn't going to lower the caliber of performance.

Moore is apprehensive as the Rams forcefully decide a 17-yard gain is enough for him in a '57 Colt defeat. Score: 37-21

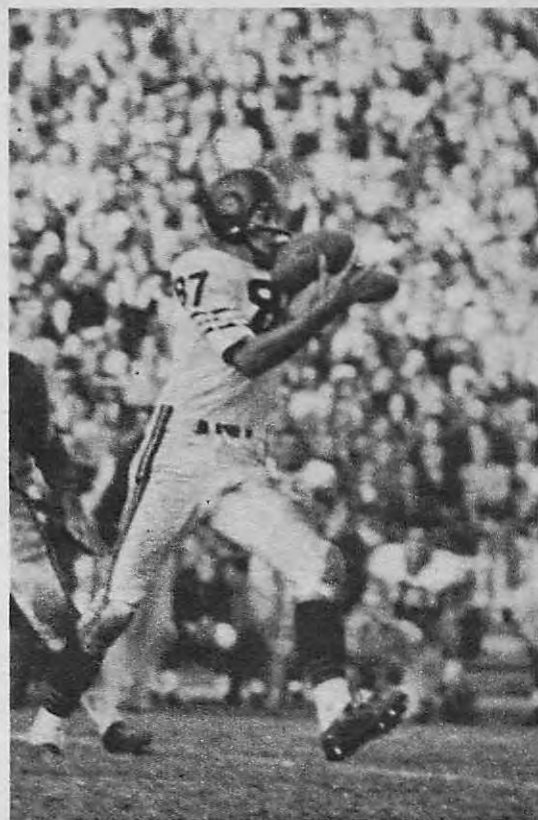




Harlon Hill

Hill was the greatest thing ever to hit the NFL till injuries laid him low. The question now: Is he recovered?

IT TAKES THREE GUYS TO COVER HILL—STILL



The 1957 season ended for the Chicago Bears in the haze that hung over Wrigley Field the afternoon of Nov. 17. You could pinpoint the exact moment it happened.

The fleet-looking fellow split 10 yards out on the Bear flank, standing perfectly erect as the Chicago quarterback barked his signals. His padding was a little lighter than that of the other men on the field so that he wouldn't be weighed down. With the snap of the ball, he stepped briskly across the line of scrimmage, and swerved to the middle of the field following a pre-designed course.



Billy Howton

Milt Davis, the alert safety of the Baltimore Colts, picked him up as soon as he dared commit himself. The Bear quarterback, spotting the receiver, threw. The flanker, in full flight, reached for the ball as it sailed high. As it brushed his finger tips, Davis drove in and made contact.

Harlon Hill, the greatest end in football, crumpled to the ground from the impact, his right arm tucked ominously under him. They had to help him off the field.

The Bears lost that game, like several more they were yet to lose in 1957, and Harlon Hill went to the hospital to have his shoulder separation set, through for the year.

It was a season he'd rather forget all around. Before

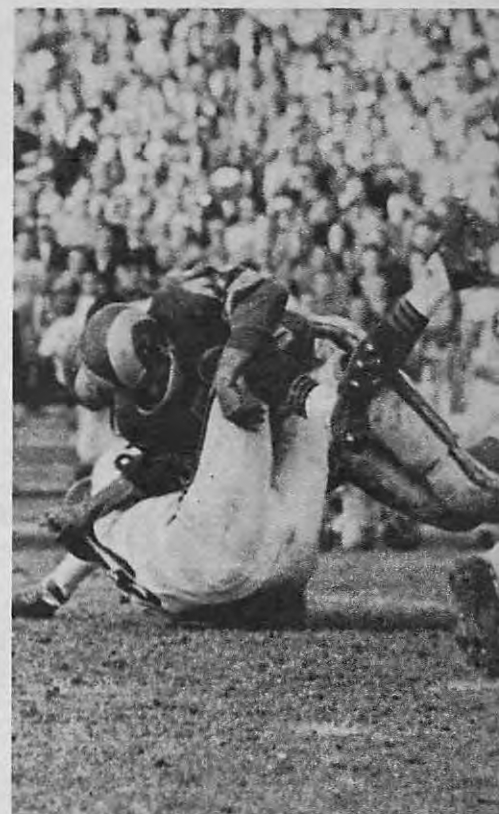
the shoulder injury, the man who was called the nearest thing to Don Hutson that football would ever see, already had had his share of troubles. First, he had to worry about a back that had begun to plague him during army service, with rumors that a disc condition might endanger his career. Then, trying to whip himself into shape late, he pulled the hamstring muscles in his legs. (Ask Mickey Mantle how much that curtails your speed. And the hamstrings also are mighty slow to heal.)

As a result, before the final injury, the Hill who'd given the NFL fits for three years was something of a myth. The Bears played it smart and used him as a decoy some of the time, with the defenses not daring to release their pressure on him.

When he caught a ball (this happened 22 times) he had enough speed left to average 23 yards a reception, excellent by any standard. He also made use of the running moves which caused the Bears to tinker with him as a ball carrier during the late stages of the 1956 season.

Now it's '58, and Hill is presumably sound again. And the defenses are alerted to the danger. Back go the two and three-men networks that it takes to blanket him and still be able to hope that these can hold him down. To be perfectly candid, two of the three men have other duties besides chasing Hill. While working their sectors they're to watch Hill, and if he shakes free, move over to assist.

Still vivid are such feats as the four touchdown passes



A running sequence of the deft Harlon Hill, on the receiving end of a long pass, as usual. This time it came from the Bears' Brown for a 24-yard gain, but Hill is brought down by Sherman of the Rams, with an assist. Hill's 1957 gain average was 23.0

he caught in one game against the Forty-Niners his rookie year, and giving the Bears the Western title in '56 by outrunning the Giant secondary twice in the fading minutes to pull a 14-14 tie out of a seemingly hopeless 14-0 situation.

As startling as his exploits is his background. Hill wanted to play football at Alabama, but was ruled too small. He was then 6 feet and 160 pounds; he's now 6'3 and 198. So he settled for Florence State Teachers. Florence, he says, was bigger than Itawamba Junior College, another possibility, and had more girls (Harlon later married one of them, Virginia Ann Sellers of Birmingham). He was a fine end, but who ever watches Florence State?

In 1953 Clark Shaughnessy of the Bear staff was in Montgomery, Ala., to check the Blue-Gray game for prospects. A coaching friend whispered to him, "The best player in the South isn't even here—kid named Hill at a teachers college." Shaughnessy filed the tip and, back in Chicago, wrote the school for game films. The Bears like what they saw but were so sure he was unknown that they made him their 15th pick in the annual draft of college players.

The first impression in training camp of 1954 was great. Convinced Hill had a rare talent, coach George Halas re-designed his offense, creating a flanker 12 yards left of the tackle.

"Hill," explained Halas, "doesn't have to waste two or three seconds fighting his way past defensive line-backers who charge and delay potential receivers. He's got extra time to set up his fakes and use his tremendous speed to break loose from covering defensive backs.

"Hill showed us something else. The rougher and tougher the scrimmage, the better he performed."

As a rookie, he surpassed the first-year marks of Don Hutson, the Green Bay immortal who's used as the gauge for all offensive end play. The next two seasons he cemented his position as the most dangerous man in the game and won a Most Valuable Player award.

He's 26 now, with a lot of football left in him. "Sometimes," says the sharp-featured Alabaman who looks Indian except for his light hair, "I get a mite tired chasin' those passes. But it sure does beat choppin' cotton!"

When Hill isn't navigating at full speed, honors for the most dangerous receiver in the NFL go to Billy Howton, the high-stepping wing of the Green Bay Packers who's made a six-year career of looking like a champion on a losing team. Whether the passer makes the receiver, or vice-versa, is always debatable. The tribute to Howton is that when his long-time (tracing to college days at Rice) battery-mate, Tobin Rote, moved on last year, Billy lost none of his effectiveness.

And then, with fellows like Hill and Howton, they wonder why coaches doodle on table cloths.





BILLY WILSON— TEN-YARD INSURANCE MAN

When the San Francisco Forty-Niners are at third down with eight to go and their backs are to the wall in their own territory late in the game, the call is virtually automatic. After they break huddle, a skinny, sharp-faced end lopes across the line on the center snap, gives the corner man a nod of the head, changes direction sharply, or simply pirouettes in a buttonhook. As he makes his move, Y. A. Tittle, ball cocked, spirals it over the scrimmage pile. The end, maybe nine yards down-field, leaps for the pass, shutting out the figure of a tackle bearing down on the receiver from the rear. The end grabs the ball with sure hands, sinks it into his stomach and holds on no matter how hard he's hit. It's a sure thing—Billy Wilson doesn't drop a clutch pass.

If the back's grasp should become too irksome, Billy will skid free and move deep into enemy territory his long legs churning. He probably won't go all the way because he hasn't got that kind of speed. But he makes it possible for the Forty-Niners to win games.

"Wilson and Tittle," says Coach Frankie Albert, "are the greatest competitors I've ever seen."

"He's only a rookie," Buddy Parker said in 1951, "but he's the man the Lions fear most—and he's going to be the best end in this league."

The angular Forty-Niner looks more like an underfed refugee from his native Oklahoma, risking annihilation every time he leaps for a pass, than like a star end, but he pats his backside and says, "That's the reason I don't get hurt. When I go up for a hook pass, I shove my rear end at the defender."

Billy was born in Sayre, Okla., 31 years ago, and starred at San Jose State, in California. Black hair and

high cheekbones indicate his Fox and Sac Indian blood.

Wilson has the credentials to back his All-Pro bid. He has been the pros' leading receiver three of the past four years, was named Most Valuable Player of the 1955 Pro Bowl game after spearing 11 passes for 154 yards.

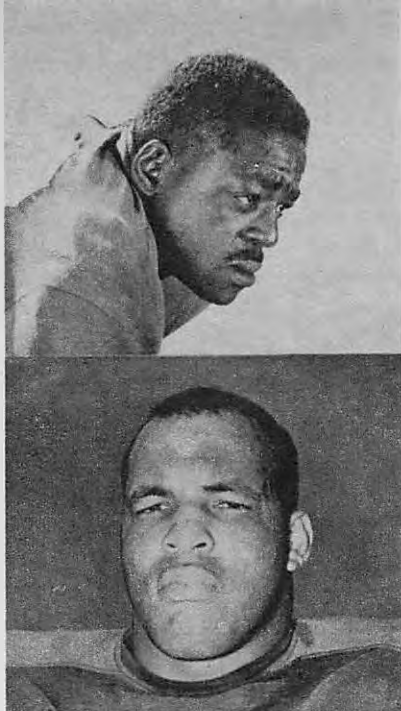
A youngster on the Lions named Steve Junker doesn't have impressive statistics of that sort yet, but any coach



Steve Junker is a basic factor in the ace Detroit defense

building a team would surely make room for the Xavier product who crashed the veteran and champion Lion array as a rookie. A Billy Wilson is needed for the pass threat, but to balance him, it's also vital to have a man who can haul in tosses as Junker did in the Forty-Niner and Brown play-offs and also throw 218 solid pounds into blocking. Those figures are all Steve needs.

Billy Wilson catches the ball, and the Giants catch Wilson as he hauls in a pass from teammate Y. A. Tittle. Like Tittle, another great competitor, Wilson is happiest in the clutch



Rosy Brown, top, and Jim Parker both had raps to beat when they came up. Rosy had to prove that all he needed was polish; Parker had to prove that he wouldn't goof. Both boys made it — big

A GIANT STEP STARTS WITH ROSY

Roosevelt Brown is possibly the best offensive lineman in pro ball. But no kid was ever more frightened, took more punishment, or worked harder to get there. He's still working, but now when he takes it on the chin, it's to win games. Rosy has arrived

No guy ever had it tougher breaking into professional football than Roosevelt Brown, considered by many pros the best offensive lineman in the game.

He reported to the New York Giant camp in 1953 a scared kid of 19 who told his bosses, the Maras, he was 21 because he was afraid they'd dismiss him without a trial. He'd had no taste of good competition. The Giants picked him in the 28th round of the draft, and then only because when they got down that low they were virtually out of names and remembered seeing a Negro All-American team with a Roosevelt Brown of Morgan State at tackle. They also remembered that he weighed 230.

But Brown scarcely knew how to get down in a three-point stance. The Giants at that time had a veteran defensive lineman who reveled in dishing out punishment to new kids. In Rosy he had a pigeon. The daily training scrimmages were marked by the physical lickings the immature, inexperienced Rosy took from his tormenter on the other side of the line—all administered in legitimate football fashion, of course.

Yet, after one of these beatings, and after the squad had been dismissed, the Giant brass would be amazed to

find a lone rookie doggedly running extra laps around the practice field. Rosy was and is a bug for physical conditioning, but the Giant coaches had to stop him before he ran himself right out of a job. He was helped in his quest to make the pros by the fact the Giants could have used practically anything that moved on their offensive line that year.

It took him a couple of years to learn the pro tricks, to make the pro weight, and to acquire pro polish. The Giants, with nothing better on hand, were patient. Today they have a trim-torsoed giant who plays his best at 260 pounds and can beat any of their backs downfield. Rosy is still unorthodox in taking his position on the line. His right leg is back too far, leaving the impression he's unbalanced, and his left hand dangles awkwardly by his side instead of resting across his knee.

But when that ball is snapped, Rosy shoots across the line with explosive propulsion. His natural agility gives him blocking position before the other guy can react. Kyle Rote, the mustang from SMU who's become a Giant elder statesman, tells what it's like to play alongside Brown (Kyle's an end):



Roosevelt Brown doing what comes naturally: opening a hole for Frank Gifford. The Giants claim Brown takes care of them all.

"It's his second effort downfield that impresses you. He'll get his man on the line and then go down and get another. And then if the play is still going, he's looking for yet another to block. He takes a load off fellows like me, too. I know Rosy's going to get his man, and if mine happens to get in his way, down go two guys."

Because of his mobility, the Giants have had some notions Rosy would look good at guard, where he'd pull out of the line to lead the running plays. Rosy already gets the Giants under way quickly from his stationary tackle post. Given the momentum of a running start, he'd make any defensive man cringe when those 260 pounds of destructive force blast a hole ahead of the ball carrier.

Brown's strength has also been utilized by the Giants on defense in goal-line stands. Last year, particularly, they were effective in repulsing the opposition in short yardage situations after Rosy and Jack Stroud were rushed into the forward wall. He'd be just as great in a defensive spot if the Giants could spare his blocking.

Another young fellow of impressive size who could fit into a pro lineup either way, offense or defense, is Jim Parker of Baltimore. Where Brown had to break in the

hard way, Parker was more or less eased into an important position with the Colts. He came into the league last year bearing impressive credentials as an All-American guard at Ohio State and winner of the Outland Award as the top college lineman of 1956.

Yet Parker had to lick a rap—that he was lazy and wouldn't put out unless goaded. Evidently, Weeb Ewbank knew how to handle the 262-pound Buckeye. Tackle on offense was always a sore point in the Baltimore attack, so Jim was shoved immediately into a position of responsibility, this despite the fact his Ohio State reputation was built mainly on his prowess as a defensive middle guard.

The qualities of quickness and strength that he used in the latter pursuit were ably transferred to tackle blocking, however, and he did a wonderful job on pass protection, one of the reasons Colt quarterback Johnny Unitas had such a sensational year.

Now that he knows he can handle the pros, Parker's future is limitless. He's 24 and must figure he's going to be around quite a while—Big Jim has moved his permanent home from Toledo, Ohio, to Baltimore.



When Paul Brown saw Mike McCormack on the old Yankees, he knew he'd found the offensive tackle he needed; he was right

Five years' pro experience added to his redoubtable physical assets makes Mike McCormack a Cleveland favorite. There are other and flashier tackles, but the Bears will take Mike every time

MIKE DOESN'T NEED TO KICK GOALS

The dressing room of the Cleveland Browns was a place you wanted to get out of fast that opening afternoon of the 1954 season when the Philadelphia Eagles had just plastered them with a 28-10 licking. Most of that shellacking was directed over middle, manned by a young man from Prairie Village, Kan., by the name of Mike McCormack. But Paul Brown, the coach who bares his fangs at losses, took it with amazing calmness.

"Don't let it get you down, Mike," he patted the giant amiably as he shambled towards the door, head drooping. Brown knew he had a fine team. It eventually recovered to win the title. He knew also that the big guy in the middle was a most talented football player.

McCormack plugged a hole on defense for that game, and the Philly encounter was his first outing for Cleveland after returning from a service hitch. By the next campaign he was on offense, and there he's stayed to slowly cultivate a reputation as one of the most solid operators in football. He has had a peculiar obstacle in Cleveland in that the other offensive tackle is Lou Groza, who quite naturally attracts attention because of the most educated kicking foot in the game's history. Mike has gained plaudits only by knocking men down.

The wonder of McCormack lies in the fact that he was spotted by Paul Brown in an exhibition game the Cleveland club won 52-0. Mike was on the opposition that afternoon, with the now deceased New York Yanks. But even after that rout, Brown couldn't shake the image of a 250-pound tackle on the Yank wall who held up where others fell. When the Yanks eventually wound up in Baltimore, Mike was in the army. The Colts dealt with Cleveland for player strength and threw in McCormack as a pawn. Brown still remembered that exhibition game, for which he's still giving thanks.

"As good as any man in the league," admits Brown, a cautious assayer of playing ability. "He's a big asset to our running game and particularly important for the protection he gives our passers."

Pro linemen first begin to approach their peak in their late twenties; Mike is a robust 28. His fine physical attributes are enhanced by five full seasons of pro experience, with the footing provided by training at the University of Kansas when the Jayhawks were on a hot gridiron binge.

The San Francisco Forty-Niners brag about the same kind of size-experience hookup in their tackle ranks. The man you can't miss among the Forty-Niners is Bob St. Clair, a tremendous 6-9 specimen. With his range and size (he weighs 263 pounds) he defies penetration. He's so strong they use him on goal-line stands.



Bob St. Clair is a 6-9 giant with art and class to match

Last year, unfortunately, he missed eight games because of a shoulder injury. His return late in the season buoyed up the San Franciscans considerably. Until the mishap he was on his way to a fourth straight season as an All-Star offensive tackle.

Bob remains in his prime, at 27, and besides his physical abilities, he gives purposeful drive to the Forty-Niners' attack as co-captain of the team. They think well of him, too, in the southern suburb of San Francisco, where he's a candidate for city council.

THE RAM AND THE REDSKIN



Duane Putnam, bulldozing Ram

One of the more articulate linemen of the National Football League was talking about blocking techniques, especially as they pertain to the vital guard posts. Naturally the names of Duane Putnam and Dick Stanfel came up, because they're the best in the business.

"Stanfel," expounded the player, "uses his height like a scythe. He hits low and cuts men down across the knees. Putnam, when he pulls out of the line, comes around the corner like a bulldozer, pushing everything out of his path."

One is neatly hatchetlike, the other like a bumper, but each is equally effective. Significantly, the Redskins and Rams have been among the better running teams in the NFL. Playing offensive guard on a professional football team will gain a man a living but not much notoriety. Except for the occasional chance to cut a man down in the open beyond the line of scrimmage, he works in obscurity. The holes open, and the backs charge through, but the average spectator hasn't focused on the man who created the space, only the fellow packing the ball.

Does this lack of recognition upset them?

"No," Stanfel shakes his head. "You get a lot of pleasure out of making the hole, knocking someone down. I'm just as happy to see a back score as he is, maybe more. It's a thrill I've never had. In pro ball I've only handled the ball once. I intercepted a pass in an exhibition game, tripped and fell flat on my face."

Dick is one of those fellows who's threatening perennially to quit but always manages to come back for "one more year." This has been going on for three seasons, or since he joined the Washington Redskins in a swap with the Detroit Lions. Altogether he's been a pro six years and, at 31, is no chicken for the pro trade. With the Lions he'd already established himself as one of the

finest offensive linemen in the game, but had injured a knee and was considered a risk.

The Skins, however, have gotten full service from him, and Dick in turn has enjoyed his tenure with the club because it meant a reunion with old buddies. His coach, Joe Kuharich, is the guy whom he played under at the University of San Francisco, and his guard running mate, Red Stephens, was in college with him.

The combo of Stanfel and Stephens has been devastating in the Eastern Division. Stanfel is the supreme technician. Playing against Baltimore last year, he pulled out of the line and cut down Gino Marchetti with a beautiful low block. Marchetti, one of the toughest defensive players in the game, got up and Stanfel got up along with him and stretched Gino out again.

"I had a third crack at him, too," grins Stanfel, "but I let him go. I was afraid he might get too mad at me."

Dick, a bachelor, possesses a master's degree in education and is qualified to teach. But he has found running a restaurant with his brothers in San Francisco more lucrative. It happens to be located right across the street from Seals Stadium, the temporary home of the baseball Giants, and the Stanfels are packing them in.

Sampling his own food, Dick once played at 241, but Kuharich made him shed a dozen pounds to enhance his speed, so vital to a pulling lineman who must keep ahead of the backs. At that weight, he's svelte; since Dick is 6-3, unusually tall for a guard.

Putnam's problem as a pro has been just the opposite. From his rookie year with the Los Angeles Rams in 1952, he's battled to put weight on a 6-0 frame that normally handles around 210 pounds. This may seem more than adequate to Joe Citizen, but in the pro ranks it marks you puny.



Dick Stanfel, whiplike Redskin

But between seasons he ran into an old track teammate from his college days at College of the Pacific, outlined his problem and the guy said, "Duane, get yourself a set of bar bells. I guarantee at the end of a year they'll put 20 pounds on you, pounds you'll keep."

Skeptical, Duane started lifting weights twice a week and by the time he rejoined the Rams in 1953 he weighed 240 pounds. Boiling off 10 to retain his speed, he has played at 230 ever since.

"Over a period of three years," says his coach, Sid Gillman, "our best running play has been the end sweep and Putnam is the key guy on that one. If the fullback is successful in taking the defensive end, Put swings downfield ahead of the ball carrier and is a fearsome sight indeed to the secondary."

His first pro coach, Jumbo Joe Stydahar, recalls, "He reminded me of Danny Frotmann, one of the best guards I ever saw. Not particularly big as pro guards went but with great quickness in getting to his man. He was a master at maintaining a drive after gaining contact. Once he got an opponent on the run, he chased him right out of the park."

Putnam has been a virtually unanimous All-Pro pick for three seasons. He is nearing thirty with no sign of slowing up. Actually, as long as their legs stay in shape, many pros reach their peak at that age because they've learned to use all their physical resources and have mastered the art of knocking tacklers down.

"Obviously," says Stanfel, "you aren't going to move a 250- or 300-pound defensive guard or tackle head-on because he'll be too strong for you. So we get our job done with angles or traps."

A couple of fellows who have mastered their jobs ahead of schedule are Harley Sewell of the Detroit

Lions and Jim Ray Smith of the Cleveland Browns. Sewell can't be termed a real rookie since he's been with the Lions the past five campaigns, but when he joined them he didn't even know how to pull out of a line.

Harley's quite a boy now — a tobacco-chewing Texan of 26 with a jut jaw who would probably play pro football free if he had to. He never fails to hustle out an assignment, and the guys on the club love him. He likes to roam around training camp bare-footed.

Smith is the same age and a Texan, too, from Baylor University. But he is a real recruit in all-star ranks, just now in his second full season as a pro. The Cleveland Browns weren't quite sure where to play him when he

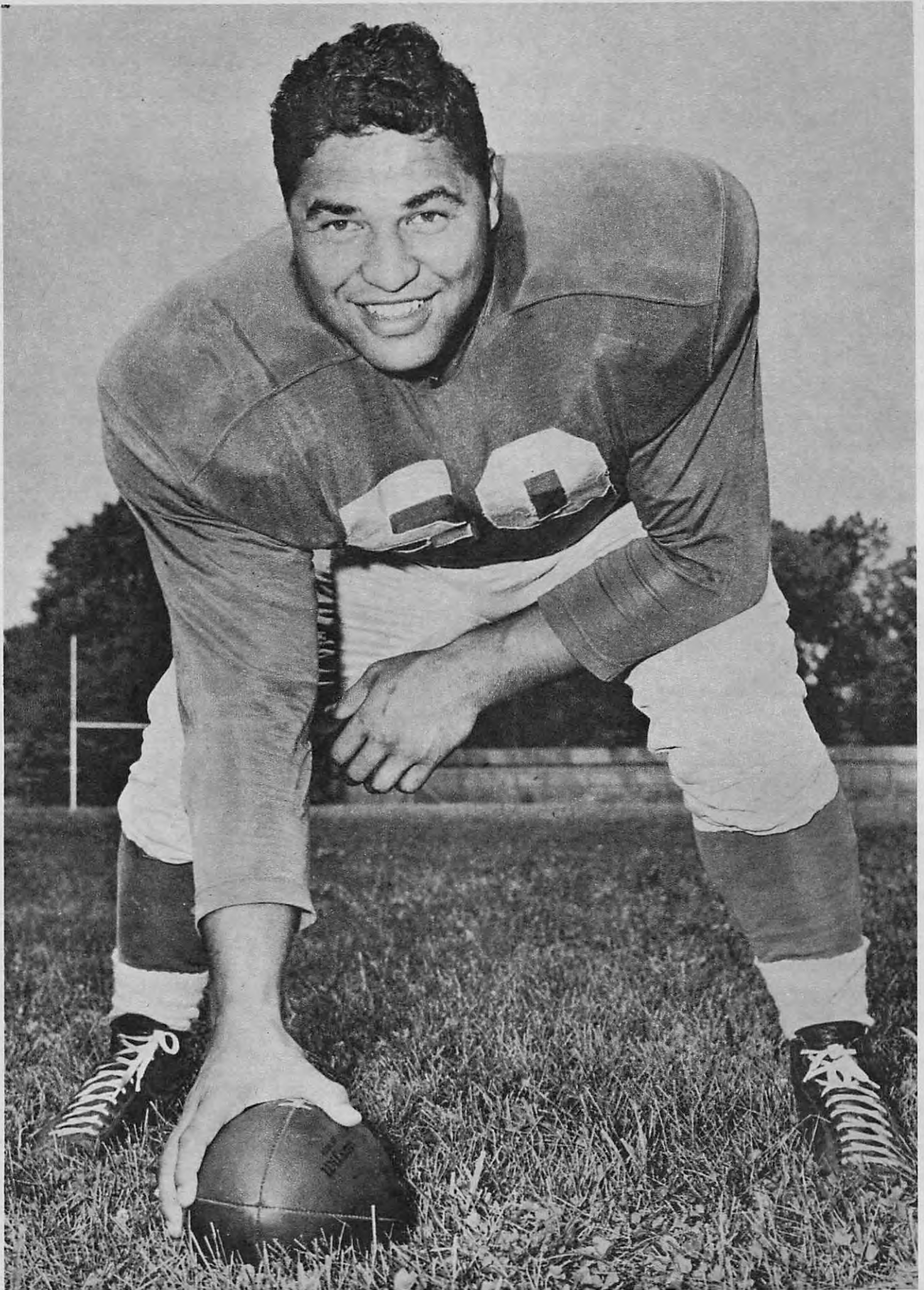


James Ray Smith



Harley Sewell

got out of service to join them the last month of 1956. An All-American tackle, the Browns thought of him first as a defensive end. Tailored along the lines of Stanfel (6-3 and 240), he was finally tried at left guard, one of Brown's messenger boys alternating on every play, and fitted snugly. Other clubs in the East called him the division's fastest developing lineman during the last half of the 1957 season.



Like many of the greats, Charley Ane is a double-threat man. He can operate at center and tackle, and is good either way

Along with pineapples and the hula, Hawaii has given the mainland a great football star — Charley Ane, whose bear hug helped Detroit take it all in '57

HAWAIIAN CHARLEY SHAKES THEM UP

Coaches don't like to tamper with star linemen, shunting them around, so they have to readjust their techniques — unless they have a guy like Charley Ane.

Ane (pronounced on-ee) is the middle man on offense for the Detroit Lions. In 1956, he was the All-Pro center. Last year, when a tackle vacancy turned up and the Lions were able to nab the veteran center Frank Gatski from the Browns, Detroit was able to put Charley in at tackle. He thereby sacrificed his chance for individual honors but the Lions went on to win the pro championship, which in Charley's book was a shade more important (he collected \$4,295.41 as his share of the pot).

Charley is built to handle either job. He's 6-2 and weighs 265, and that bulk doesn't slow him down. He reacts more like a 200-pounder. Strength? When he was an All-American at Southern California, Charley was used on the defensive platoon where he patented a bear-hug style of tackling. One time he lifted Paul Cameron, the UCLA tailback ace, right off the ground, his arms wrapped so firmly around the Bruin star that Paul had to leave the game.

Pending another emergency, Charley moves back to center in 1958, and players like Tobin Rote and Bobby Layne can relax in the knowledge that no middle line-backer is going to "red-dog" over the middle and nail them in the act of quarterback execution.

His blocking is so sharp that when he was a collegian the Trojans used him on offense at quarterback (he also called signals) in the Howard Jones box formation.

Ane, at 27, is in his sixth season of pro ball and must rate already as the greatest football player ever to come out of Hawaii. He's of Chinese, Samoan, Hawaiian and

English ancestry. As a kid he starred for Punahoe High, and married the daughter of the St. Louis High coach after beating the stuffing out of his father-in-law's team. He gave the home folks a closer glance at his current prowess in the Hula Bowl last January.

Of course, over in the Eastern Division of the NFL, the New York Giants have a guy they'll stack up with any ball-snapper in football. Ray Wietecha, at 225, doesn't have Ane's heft, but Charley can't pounce across



Ray Wietecha, whose cross block is a valued Giant weapon

the line and cross-block on the tackle as Ray can.

A Northwestern graduate, Ray spent a spell in pro ball as a linebacker, but they wouldn't think of putting him any place but over the ball today. A handsome product of the football mills of East Chicago, Ind., he also excelled in baseball after college, giving the pro ranks a fling as an outfielder in the Washington Senators' chain. He had one trouble — he found swatting aspirin tablets tougher than stomping tacklers.



THE T-QB

HE NO LONGER RIDES A ROCKING CHAIR

Once upon a time a coach told his T-quarterback, "After you get rid of the ball, get the h— out of there. We don't want you mussing up those pretty satin pants. It runs up the cleaning bills. And besides, who's gonna think for me out on the field?"

This proposition was so carefully nurtured that when Sid Luckman, professional football's original T-director for the Chicago Bears, had the temerity to tuck the ball under his arm and set out around a flank in a championship game a dozen years ago, the astounded Giants watched in awe as he trotted 15 yards to a touchdown.

From that Luckman promenade we come to a murky afternoon in December of 1957 as a couple of attendants are wheeling Bobby Layne of the Detroit Lions off the field, his lips tightened with pain. Moments before, he had gone down under the crush of a Cleveland tackle, breaking his ankle. Now a big Brown lineman observes gruffly as he goes by:

"It's better to go to the hospital than go to jail."

This latter reference was to some court troubles

plaguing Layne at the time, but the remark revealed the other players' utter unconcern for the quarterback, a man who used to be treated with kid gloves.

QB was a rocking-chair job Frankie Albert brashly explained once—a guy ought to be able to play until he reached pension age.

Somewhere along the line it was discovered the best way to terminate that security, and limit the quarterback's production, was to send a 240-pound defensive end in full flight crashing into the T-operator, no matter if he did wing the ball elsewhere. At times it had disastrous effect, like when Ed Meadows knocked the same Layne to the ground in 1956 and dealt him a brain concussion, costing the Lions a probable championship.

There is one talented young quarterback in the NFL who has never been the same since the Chicago team mauled him (legally, of course) during his freshman year when they were predicting a great career for him.

Most of the injuries resulting from contact between

Continued on following page

An example of the hazards QB's now face: Bobby Layne, his ankle fractured, is carried off the football field during a Lions-Browns game in 1957





Rams' Van Brocklin is no longer an untouchable, but the object of a heavy charge by Forty-Niners as he tries to launch pass

THE T-QB — Continued

quarterback and tackle are inadvertent, but don't tell it to Otto Graham, who took seven stitches from a facial laceration when his protective mask was dented, or to Y. A. Tittle, who had his cheekbone crushed by a stray knee during the 1955 campaign.

The coaches soon got to figuring, with their quarterbacks bruised, that as long as their signal callers are going to get their lumps with the rest of the boys, they might as well take the wraps off contact for the T-QB and derive some benefits.

A pioneer in this movement away from the protective blocking wall surrounding a passer was little Eddie

LeBaron of the Washington Redskins. Necessity forced him to roll out, since he wasn't tall enough (5-7) to spot pass receivers over the heads of the mammoth pro linemen. Eddie got to like this game of cat and mouse so much the Redskin coaches had to caution him against holding the ball since his 165-pound frame wasn't designed for mayhem. Even elusive Eddie wears the badge of quarterbacks who've taken their raps—a long scar of a cartilage operation slitting his knee.

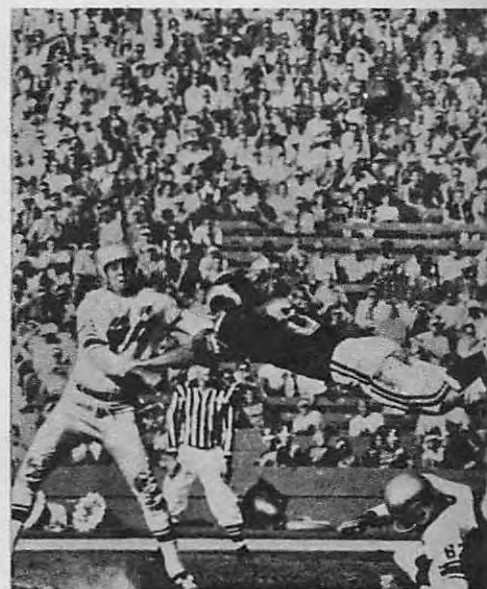
The change to quarterbacks who went out looking for contact developed a bigger species of signal caller, like Tobin Rote. Last year he led the Lions to a world title after surviving years of frustration and hard knocks with the Green Bay Packers. Rote is a durably built



Playing the new T-QB set-up, the great Otto Graham is the focus of a Ram attack in '55



LeBaron uses small size (5-7) as asset — to avoid destruction



Bobby Layne, above, steels himself for the juggernaut aimed right at his middle, and Rote (18) winces at Hazel-tine's pincer-like grip. Neither lad shows any signs of that old, very tired quarterback feeling

215-pounder who won't frighten. He runs as well as he throws. For him they designed keeper plays with power blocking and occasionally put him in the tailback spot of the spread, to exercise the optional pass-run threat.

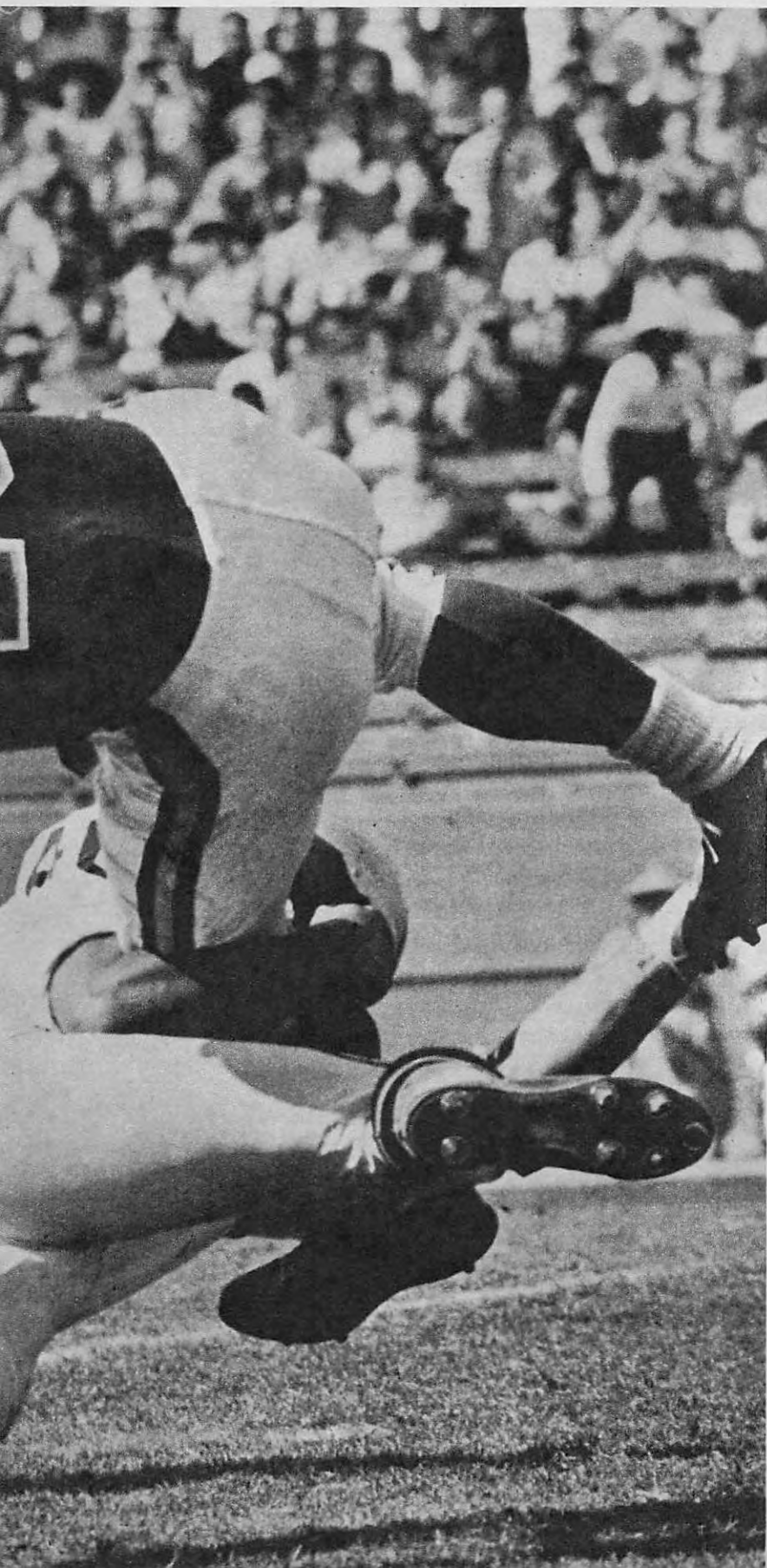
When it became apparent that the quarterback could enhance the running game, many of the other clubs re-styled their offenses to take advantage of the trend. The old-line quarterbacks like Bobby Layne and Otto Graham were fitted by previous experience to carry the ball. Layne had plunged at fullback for Texas before the T took hold. Graham was a triple-threat single-wing tailback at Northwestern. Even the so-called leadfoots like Y. A. Tittle and Charley Conerly became adventurous when they spotted running opportunities, al-

though Mrs. Conerly sat up in the stands and winced, "I wish he'd leave that stuff to the young fellows."

The Chicago Cardinals in 1956 began operating as a split-T ensemble, which means the quarterback sliding along the line of scrimmage gets hit on almost every play. And the fullback draw play (a delayed buck) was augmented by the quarterback draw, with the passer himself keeping the ball and charging up the middle after the enemy linemen were mouse-trapped.

The end result has been that the pros, when they investigate aspiring quarterbacks, look for the athlete, like King Hill, the Cards' bonus choice from Rice, who can do other things on a football field besides flip a spiral. Now a guy's apt to dirty his pants once in a while.





ALL- STAR PRO DEFENSE

With rookies like Jimmy Brown who were born wary of tacklers, and vets like Y. A. Tittle who are peerless on attack, the caliber demanded for NFL stardom on offense is kept at a very high level



Pro fans prove they can be just as partisan as any Yale Frosh as they exuberantly shoulder Joe Schmidt after a big Detroit win

HE'S THE BEST THERE IS

To say that Joe Schmidt is the standby of the Lions is to run the grave risk of putting a hex on him. But there just is no other way to describe the drive and hustle he gives Detroit

The Senior Bowl game in Mobile, Ala., played annually in early January, is probably the best showcase for the pros of the future. The players like it because for the first time in their careers they get paid openly to play football. And the pros like it because they can get a true line on college stars butting heads against each other in hot competition.

This is where Buster Ramsey found himself the first week of 1954. Buster is the defensive line coach of the Detroit Lions, but his mission in town was to scout a couple of prospects for the offense—Gene Gedman of Indiana and Ollie Spencer of Kansas.

Ramsey trailed their actions all week in practice and kept his glasses on them throughout the game. He must have liked what he saw because they later became Lions. But another of the husky specimens on the North squad kept cropping up in the lenses. A check of the roster revealed him as Joe Schmidt, a man who had toiled in relative obscurity as a linebacker at Pittsburgh.

The pros, to be sure, were aware of him, especially the hometown Steelers. But they were leery of his knees, which had been injured in college ball. The way he got off the mark or changed direction laterally convinced Ramsey, who cottons to defensive specialists anyhow, that there couldn't be anything organically wrong with Schmidt's hinges. The Lions drafted him in the fifth round, and probably no better choice was ever made.

For the last three seasons, Schmidt has been the finest defensive player in football. He's a man who never seems to make a mistake. Wherever the ball is, Schmidt's right there. Because of his instinctive talent at diagnosing plays he is stationed in the middle linebacker's spot in Detroit's defense, which enables him to roam either side of the gridiron. If a fellow has any flair for the spectacular, the middle-linebacker position will bring it out in him. Blockers can't get at him easily because of the line-curtain before him, and his assignment is simply to follow the play.

Van Patrick, who broadcasts the Lion games, says, "He makes so many tackles it's embarrassing. I have to call Joe's name so many times during an afternoon that I figure the fans who are listening are convinced that Schmidt's a code as well as a player."

By a statistical count, his coach, Ramsey, figures Joe has been a direct participant in an average of 13 tackles for each game he plays.

The Lions insist that Joe couldn't tell a ball carrier face to face "because he's too used to looking at them with their faces in the dirt after he's smeared them." Their respect for his ability is indicated by his selection as team captain the last two years.

Because he's their leader, it need not follow that he's dynamic. The Lions call him "The Silent Dutchman." The only time they can get him to open his mouth is at

job as a substitute in Pittsburgh's public-school system.

"No more," he shudders. "I got enough of that in a hurry. Those little kids scared me half to death."

The Eagles' Charley Bednarik, who's ranged NFL gridirons with as much force as Schmidt, and for a greater number of years, is strong all right, but he's not silent. If he doesn't think the guys with him are putting out, he'll eat them out on the field, and has the stature to get by with it. Charley, at 33, is seven years older than Schmidt and is in his 10th pro season. They differ also on a family scale. Joe is a bachelor and bought his widowed mother a new home in Pittsburgh. Bednarik married his childhood sweetheart (they're from Bethlehem, Pa.) and has four little daughters, including twins. They live in Abington, a Philadelphia suburb.

Blunt, serious Charley isn't the most popular guy on



If a guy can be called "a player's player," it's Schmidt



Bednarik proves the virtue of experience in every play

a team party when the orchestra strikes up and they shove a microphone before his face. He belts a pretty good pop tune. The rest of the time, he confines his noise-making to the thud of contact with the opposition.

In the annual poll of players of the National Football League to pick their all-star eleven, he traditionally gets more votes than any other defensive specialist. He's played in the Pro Bowl game the last four years. As much as anyone, Schmidt has helped glamorize defense in football, and he gets as big a publicity play around Detroit as some of the high-priced boys who move the ball when the Lions are in possession.

Joe sometimes can't understand what the fuss is all about. He shrugs himself off as a little guy trying to make good. He's six feet tall and weighs 222 pounds, which isn't exactly puny but on the other hand doesn't intimidate the usual pro goliaths.

Joe himself can be surprisingly timid on occasion. He once aspired to be a teacher and got a between-seasons

the Eagles because he says his piece. But the men respect his ability and durability. He's missed only three of the 108 games the Eagles have played during his first nine years. He's of tough, steel-hewn stock and proud of it. His dad worked in the Bethlehem steel mills as a puddler. Charley himself flew 30 missions over Europe as a waist gunner in World War II.

He is, incidentally, one bonus pick who panned out. Plucked by the Eagles in 1949, he's been a star from the start and played in seven Pro Bowl games. Although noted primarily for his vicious tackling as a linebacker (and for swiping down potential pass receivers as they cross the line of scrimmage), Charley has also taken over offensive center for the Eagles when they were hurting for a good pivot and has been their reserve punter—and a pretty one at that.

At his age, the going gets rough, and two years ago they were saying Bednarik was washed up. He shushed the critics with one of his greatest campaigns in '57.



The Steelers' Parker considered Marv his "whole defense"

THE FORTY— NINERS STRUCK IT RICH

Matuszak was the big nugget for San Francisco. He pulled their line together and showed the opposition a new team

The San Francisco Forty-Niners pulled their 1957 season together in a smoke-filled Los Angeles hotel room one night last September. Coach Frankie Albert was there, with his assistants, and so was the late Tony Morabito, the club owner. No one was running a laughing fever. The pall of gloom was as thick as the smoke from their chain-smoked butts.

With 70,000 people watching, the Los Angeles Rams had trampled the Forty-Niners, 56-28, in an exhibition game. The defense was broken and bewildered, and even the rabid LA fans were sympathetic.

"All right," Morabito finally said. "We know what we got. Now what do we need the most?"

As if on cue, the coaching crew—Albert, Red Hickey, Phil Bengtson—blurted in unison, "We've got to have a linebacker. A guy like Joe Schmidt or Chuck Bednarik to hold us together."

"OK, we deal for one. Now what can we give?"

They totted up their assets and decided that they had quarterbacks to spare—veterans Y. A. Tittle and Earl Morrall and brilliant rookie John Brodie. The Pittsburgh Steelers were desperate for a quarterback. After the meeting broke up, Morabito got in touch with his old pal, Steeler owner Art Rooney. Rooney put head-man Buddy Parker on the phone.

"You say we can have Morrall?" echoed Parker. "What's the catch?"

"Simple. Give us Marv Matuszak and your first draft choice for two years."

"You're only asking for my whole defense!" roared Parker. And added a few picturesque words.

With additional dickering, the Forty-Niners threw in rookie guard Mike Sandusky and the deal was made. Within one season, Matuszak became the finest linebacker in San Francisco pro history.

The Rams and Forty-Niners met again three weeks later and the team that was supposed to have no defense upset Los Angeles 23-20.

"We used to call defensive signals from the bench," says Bengtson, the line coach, "until we got Marv. He took over the job as soon as he joined us and we've never been able to fault the defenses he sets up."

Matuszak made every all-star team last year, but winning such honors is no novelty to him. He was an All-American guard at Tulsa University before the Pittsburgh Steelers nabbed him for the 1953 season. He comes from South Bend, Ind., the home of the Irish.

"I wasn't good enough for Notre Dame to take," shrugs Marv, "and besides, the doctor told me I had a heart murmur and shouldn't play strenuous games."



Wherever action is roughest and a tough, agile linebacker is called for, Matuszak is there, always able to come through

He went to Tulsa after Bernie Witucki, a Hurricane assistant, saw him in a high-school game. In college he lengthened out to 6-2 and broadened to 230.

He's what they call a hard-nosed player, from stolid Polish stock. Marv doesn't say 20 words a day off the field. But they all listen when he barks the word in defensive huddles. The Steelers took one look at his mobility the day he first reported to them and molded him into a linebacker. Today he is only five pounds over his college weight. His pro career, after two fine seasons, was interrupted by a couple of years in the army. He is now 26 and at his peak.

To give you an idea how quickly Marv has adapted himself to San Francisco, he is already the co-owner of a restaurant and bar in Redwood City on the Peninsula. He is one of the squad's two bachelors.

The New York Giants have a linebacker, Bill Svoboda, who brings to his job the same ruggedness as Matuszak. At 215 pounds, he lacks Marv's size, but you have to give him the edge in experience (he's an eight-year pro). And there isn't a more willing competitor in the game of football. When you see Bill on Monday, you've got to count him out of next week's game. His back is stiff. He can barely hobble on bandaged legs. By Saturday he's still no health specimen. But at mid-day Sun-



New York's Svoboda is a fierce and well-seasoned competitor

day a metamorphosis sets in. The spring is back in his limbs; he's ready to tear apart ball carriers, especially if they happen to be Chicago Cardinals.

Bill was a Cardinal for four seasons, playing some fullback as well as lineback. Chicago thought he was washed up when they peddled him to New York, so the Giants have no trouble setting him up emotionally to ravish the Cards. He won't set any records for straight-away speed, but he's one of the quickest men in the NFL.

A Tulane product, he spends the off-seasons with his petite wife and their two children in Houma, La., where he is kept busy running a service station.

A DECADE HASN'T DIMMED DRAZO

Chuck Drazenovich has been playing a long time by pro standards, but he figures to stick in there, capable as ever. Washington never has to worry about the middle guard with him around

Redskins' Drazo, right, and Chicago's Bill George have proved a point: middle guard can spark the entire defense



Drazenovich heads for

It takes long exposure to the talents of Chuck Drazenovich to fully appreciate them. Drazo backs up the line for the Washington Redskins with the perseverance of Old Man River. Jim Lee Howell, the coach of the New York Giants, doesn't normally deal in superlatives, but he'd been watching Drazo all eight years of his professional career.

"I first realized how good he was," says Howell, "when I had him in the Pro Bowl game in 1957. Nothing got by him, or over him. He's one of the toughest middle guards I've ever seen."

Chuck is also a strong-minded individual who wasted

one complete season five years ago because he insisted he had a bad knee and Curly Lambeau thought he was goofing off. After languishing on the bench all fall, he had the knee operated on at his own expense. The doctors discovered a torn cartilage and repaired it.

Naturally, he was reimbursed by the club, which re-acquired the services of its defensive leader. Chuck, at 31, also retains all his skills unimpaired. He calls the defensive signals for the Redskins and then shows them how to do the job. The responsibilities of a middle guard are demanding. He's got to be big and strong enough to jump into the middle of the line to meet power rushes.



the Lions' receiver to make sure the pass stops there. In this case, the ball landed right where Chuck wanted it—back in the Redskins' hands

He has to move quickly in the direction of plays to the outside. And he has to drop back in pass situations to cover receivers. Chuck, an agile 222-pounder, was once a fullback at Penn State and a school boxing champion. His teammates call him "The Crow," because of his Croatian heritage. He has coal-black curly hair, a strong Balkan face and is a loquacious, gifted speaker. He comes from the Pittsburgh area, breeding ground of many great gridders, and is a qualified iron worker. He excels in all branches of the building trade, and built his home in West Brownsville, Pa., for himself, his wife and infant daughter, as a one-man construction gang.

In Bill George, the Chicago Bears have a middle line-backer cut from the same stone as Drazenovich. Another Pennsylvanian, he played his varsity ball at Wake Forest and was a heavyweight champion wrestler. He's the consistently bright spot in a shaky Bear defense. The gifted Greek started with the Chicago club as an offensive guard, his forte at college, but moved to the tackling brigade because the Bears didn't have another 235-pounder fast enough for a middle man. He's had six years of pro ball and calls the defensive signals for the Halas men. Tapped regularly for All-Star teams, he's at his peak (28), and still the honors keep piling up.



GINO

Marchetti is one end

The Baltimore Colts' doctor probed gingerly at Gino Marchetti's right shoulder. The boy's arm hung limply.

"What've I got, Doc?" asked Marchetti.

"Looks like a humero acromial disarticulation," the doctor answered.

As he touched the area, Gino winced, gritted his teeth and said, "Can you get me ready for the second half?"

Gino didn't know that the doctor's fancy Latin meant a dislocated shoulder and that he was to be out for the next five weeks of the 1955 season. It was typical of this tough guy that all that mattered was getting back into the Colts' defensive lineup.

Marchetti holds down a position on the left flank, and when he's physically sound there isn't a man in football harder to keep out of a play. He's an awesome spectacle to start with—6-4 and 240 pounds—and a scowl on his face that belies the gentleness of the off-field giant when he's cavorting with his children—Ernest, 8; Gina, 4, and Gino, Jr., 2. When Gina was a tiny tot and they went from Baltimore to the original family home in Antioch, Calif., Gino cradled her in his arms for the entire flight.

National Football League passers, of course, have not found him so compassionate. When Gino starts his move across the line of scrimmage, nothing will deter him until the man with the ball has had his face crammed into the turf. He's made a fine art of rushing the passer.

"You must get the jump on the opposing tackle," Gino sizes up his job, "and never let him get squared away. The end must vary his charge, run over or around his man, but always do something different so he can't be typed. Second effort is important; you've often got to bounce back into a play after being knocked out of it."

Gino knows something about second effort. After his shoulder dislocation in 1955, he insisted on getting back into the lineup late in the season although a special harness rigged up with a chain prevented him from raising his arm above the shoulder. An appendectomy kept him out of three games in 1954. And various bruises and knocks limited his effectiveness during the 1956 season

to such an extent that he considered retiring to California.

Last year, however, he put all the pieces together and had a sensational campaign. It got so rugged for the other clubs that on some plays they had three different men coming at him to keep him from fouling up their offense. And still it didn't help.

He also scored his first touchdown in league competition when he pounced on Bear quarterback Zeke Bratkowski's fumble in the end zone as the Colts jolted the Chicago club in its own lair, 29-14. He made the All-Star team for the second year in a row, a merited recognition for a man who's been knocking NFL heads together for six years; he's also played in the last four Pro Bowl games.

Gino was an 18-year-old GI who took part in World War II's Battle of the Bulge before he turned to football. He played at the University of San Francisco with Ollie Matson, now a Card hero. Only he was a tackle then, and that was his original position with the Dallas Texans in 1952. He shifted with the team to Baltimore in '53 and found his niche on the defensive flanks.

Although he turned 31 in January, Gino's stopped talking about retirement. He has, in fact, moved the entire brood to Baltimore and become one of the leading scorers of a Colt basketball team that makes the winter circuit to keep in shape and pick up spare pesos.

Baltimore used to be home for another of the fine defensive flankers of the NFL, Tom Scott of the Philadelphia Eagles. Tom has played consistently well for five years and is a durable cuss who hasn't missed a single minute of action in the last three campaigns. He's as interested in lacrosse as football, having made All-American in both sports at the University of Virginia. He feeds his four children through football, though, when he isn't peddling butter and eggs for a Philadelphia company. He's the sales manager, and lives in Abington, Pa., also the home of Chuck Bednarik.

On the football field, Tom can belt a passer as well as the next guy but also has the finesse and agility to play corner linebacker in the new Eagle four-man line.

MAKES PASSERS EAT DIRT

who plays as though every game was the play-off. He's mean, he's ingenious, he's the greatest



Tom Scott gives a perfect example of the technique that makes him a standout asset to the Eagles. Tough and durable, he hasn't lost a second of any game for three years. And he has the cunning to work the corner in the Eagles' new 4-man line





ONLY FANS CARRY BRITO OFF THE FIELD

The fans in Washington's Griffith Stadium swarmed out of the stands and down onto the field. Their surge carried them straight to a padded figure in burgundy with No. 80 blazoned across the chest of his jersey. With a swoop they lifted him off his feet and carried him triumphantly in the direction of the Washington bench.

It was the first time Gene Brito had been off his feet all afternoon. The time was last Dec. 15. The occasion was the Redskins' mauling of the Pittsburgh Steelers, 10-3, in the finale of the 1957 season. The accolade was for one of the greatest defensive end performances in the history of the game.

Brito is a 32-year-old veteran of six National Football League wars, and he seems to get better with the

Continued on following page

Redskin's Brito, number 80, moves in through massive blocking to bring down ball carrier Ollie Matson

BRITO — Continued

passage of time. To gain recognition that results in being carried victoriously off a field, one doesn't normally play defensive end. The quarterback who throws the winning pass, the halfback who swirls through the clutch of tacklers for the decisive score, the end who outreaches the secondary to haul in the long pass—they're the obvious stars applauded by the fans.

So you can gauge how spectacular Brito has been in giving the Redskin followers his own crashing brand of defensive wing play. A veteran NFL linebacker was describing what you *don't* do against Brito.

"You're wasting your time with a delaying block," he expounded. "He's got so many moves he'll leave you flat on your back. The only way to contain him is to go after Gene aggressively—and hope you've got the strength to keep from landing flat on your rear anyhow."

Brito attacks with a tenacity that discourages opposition. When he first came to the Redskins, the venerable



Any discussion on ends must include Robustelli as a star

Sammy Baugh was still firing his bullet passes and Gene occasionally dubbed in as a receiver. He'd been a brilliant pass catcher at Loyola University in Los Angeles.

There were 15 seconds to go in a critical game, with the score tied, when Brito, on offense, went up for a Baugh pass. He was slammed by a defender the moment the ball touched his hands and fell to the ground. The collision knocked him out. With Brito stretched out, unconscious, they had to pry the pigskin forcibly from his hands. The completed pass put the Skins in position for Bill Dudley to kick a winning field goal.

Gene actually had a tough time winning his spurs in professional football. When he reported to his first Redskin camp in 1952, there were 12 ends on the squad.

And he ranked twelfth. He was a "little" fellow then, 205 pounds at the most. The end coach of the Skins then was Wayne Millner, the old Notre Dame hero and a little fellow by pro standards, too. Because of their common bond, Millner took a shine to him.

It was Wayne's contention that a 200-pounder could more than hold his own on a pro defensive line if he had the agility and ability. Brito was his guinea pig and proved to be a man who wouldn't stay blocked. He kept coming after nudges, slipping around blockers, sidestepping them, faking them. Over the years he worked up to 230 pounds, a weight that he sometimes exceeds.

A harassed Pittsburgh quarterback, buffeted around by the Redskin charger, finally told his tackle in the huddle, "I can't take much more of that Brito. I don't care if the ref is looking—if you can't keep him out, hold him."

"You kidding?" the tackle shrugged in reply. "I've been holding him."

As a result, opposition tactics always call for double-teaming the prying Redskin end—that is, having two blockers work on him in tandem. The extra punishment and pressure doesn't seem to bother him. Brito has never missed a Redskin game.

In Washington team circles, he is considered a man's man, one of their most popular players, the guy who'll usually lead the singing on the team bus, and in a rich baritone voice. He looks, with his Latin features, like a Perry Como with muscles.

During the off-season he teaches at Andrew Jackson High School in his native Los Angeles, his subjects ranging from physical education to history to math. He's married and has an adopted baby daughter.

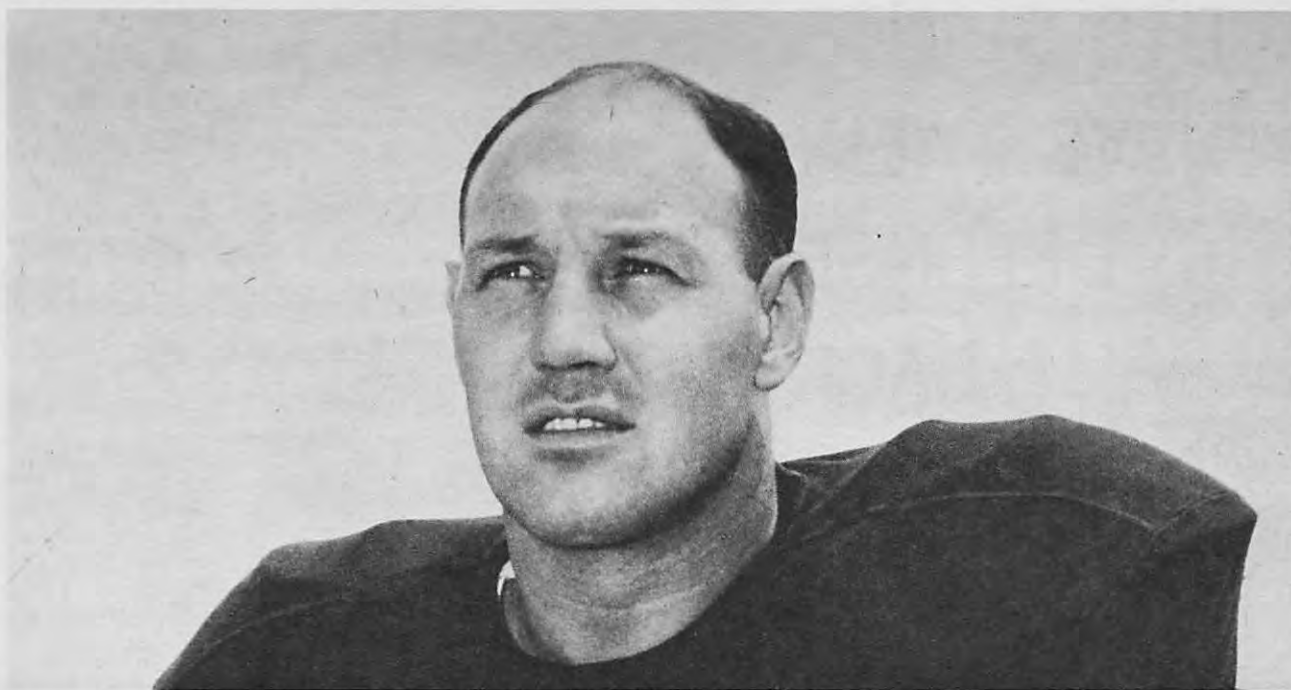
Everything you say about Brito as a football player, you can almost apply to Andy Robustelli, except that he's got five kids in the Stamford, Conn., household to feed and clothe.

Pop holds down a flank for the New York Giants with the adroitness that seven years in pro ball, plus the authority of 235 pounds, will give a man.

The Giants' rise to a league championship coincided with his arrival from the Los Angeles Rams in 1956. Andy was a fine Los Angeles defender for five years before that, but the Rams had a feeling his best days were over, and Andy in turn threatened to retire unless he could play closer to the family hearth in Connecticut. The trade with New York was effected, and both man and team are satisfied. Andy never plays a poor game.

He was strictly a sleeper when he first hit the pro ranks, a product of little Arnold College (now called Bridgeport University). His current coach, Jim Lee Howell, used to lead Wagner College and remembers a game against Arnold in the Robustelli era. "Funny thing," he grins, "we ran all over him."

A lot of National League blockers would like to know how they managed it.



A road-show Yul Brynner, Bob Gain has played three defense spots, and is one of the best no matter where they throw him in

THESE SAMPSONS MAKE A TEAM GO

When football fans say that a team is only as strong as its line, they mean sturdy work-horses like Gain of the Browns, and San Francisco's Nomellini

The man who gets publicity on the Cleveland defense is Don Colo. He's team captain, an Ivy Leaguer (rare in pro ranks) and a pretty fair player.

"But our best lineman," assistant coach Ed Ulinski was saying in the dressing room after a Brown game last autumn, "is the bald-headed guy over there."

His finger was pointed toward Bob Gain, the massive Minute Man of the Browns. He stands ready wherever needed, and these days it's at tackle. The 250-pound strong boy, an All-American at Kentucky, was a middle guard in 1955, an end in 1956 (and voted the most valuable Brown by the Cleveland Touchdown Club) and a tackle (his natural niche) last year. In 1952, before he went into service and missed a couple of seasons, he even played that spot on offense.

Powerful arms and shoulders are responsible for the prowess of Gain, originally a native of Akron, O., who played his high-school football in Weirton, W. Va. His

scalp was unencumbered even when he was at Kentucky, winning the Outland Award as the best college lineman of the year.

Another mastodon, with hair, is Leo Nomellini of the San Francisco Forty-Niners. Leo, who probably picks up more money wrestling than playing football, made a tremendous comeback last year. He's no youngster, this 32-year-old native of Lucca, Italy, who migrated to this country to



Leo Nomellini

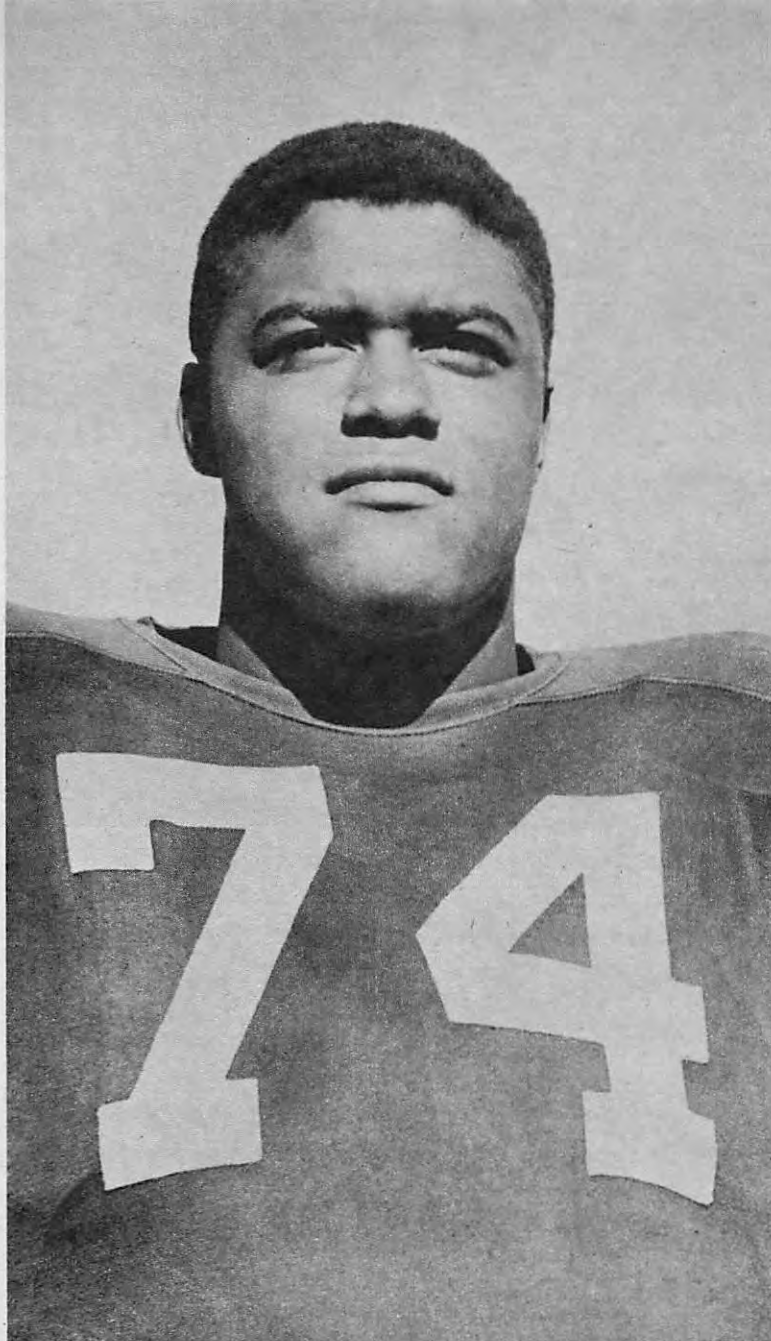
become a combat marine and then turned to football, winning All-American honors at Minnesota.

He's now completed eight pro seasons, and the Forty-Niner coaches consider his last one the finest, wiping out hints that Leo was slowing down, that he wasn't hungry enough to play top-flight football any longer.

THE GIANTS HAVE THEIR DEFENSE BACK

Players like Grier are in the headlines now that the pros realize that defense can win titles

His bulk alone means money in the bank, but when he pours the speed on too, Grier is a real menace



When the New York Giants assembled at Burlington, Vt., a year ago July, looking for all the world like the best team in football (which they had been in 1956), Coach Jim Lee Howell intruded a pessimistic note.

"I don't know," he shook his head, "where we're going to find someone to take the place of the big man."

He meant Roosevelt Grier, then newly with the Army, who rises up six-feet-five-inches from his bare feet, and can play comfortably at 284 pounds. The absence of a guy like Grier is going to create a void any place. The Giants weren't pushed around last year, but they didn't repeat as champions, either. Howell had to juggle all season trying to make up for Rosy's absence.

When he heard Grier was due to leave his temporary

home at Fort Dix, N.J., in mid-September, or just about the time the Giants started in quest of a 1958 pennant, Jim Lee dusted off his eraser. One swipe, and gone was the question mark circling the defensive line on the blackboard the Giants keep in their Coliseum offices high above Columbus Circle.

Throughout the summer Rosy dropped into the Giant offices for periodic pep talks to stabilize him mentally for the season ahead. A fellow that big must occasionally be reminded that beef will get him nowhere unless he can move it around. For all his awesome reputation (built in just two short seasons), Grier has been known to lay off against certain teams, assuming a prone position for a good part of the afternoon. But when he's

inclined to use all his built-in abilities—well, who's going to shove 284 muscular pounds around?

This in-and-out tendency almost caused the Giants to by-pass him in the 1955 draft. It came down to a choice of Rosy or Sam Palumbo of Notre Dame (later plucked by the Browns). Grier didn't have unqualified approval in the Giant scouting reports, since he was handled gently in some games. But his coach, Rip Engle of Penn State, noted, "Rosy played his best ball against the better men he faced. He rose to his competition."

And Ed Kolman, then the Giants' line coach, saw him in a televised game and remarked, "I liked the way he moved off the ball." Rosy's initial charge augured well for the pros.

The reports on Palumbo were better, but Kolman insisted, "When in doubt, take the big man." And Rosy is certainly all of that.

Football never interested Grier much until he was a freshman at Roselle, N.J. High School. "I saw a bunch of fellows bumping into each other," he recalls. "It looked like fun, so I put my glasses on the grass and went to the gym for football gear. When I came back the glasses were in splinters. They should have told me a football team uses both ends of the field."

More impressive than his football were his shot-putting and discus-throwing on the track team (he came within one place of making the 1952 Olympic team), and he went to Penn State on a track scholarship.

"When I got there," Rosy says, tongue in cheek, "I talked to Mr. Rip Engle, the football coach, and asked if I could try out. Mr. Engle measured me and said it could be arranged."

This was during the Korean war when freshmen were eligible, and he gained four varsity letters as a regular tackle for the Nittany Lions. Also a reputation as the life of the party. On a western trip by train, the conductor poked his head into the Penn State car and announced, "We're coming into Indianapolis."

"Oh, boy" yelled Rosy. "Let's get off here and scrimmage Navy."

He's a natural born musician who plays the piano by ear — rock'n'roll, boogie woogie, almost anything — and writes his own songs.

"I got me a gittar now," he announced this summer to the Giants. "Used to have a little one. But Harold Carter, the heavyweight fighter, had a big guitar at Fort Dix, and I traded him."

To keep him trim during service he put the shot again and won the First Army championship. He also was in charge of physical training for his regiment.

For a big man, Rosy handles his weight well. His first year as a Giant, 1955, the club was bothered by injuries on the line and came up with a makeshift arrangement that stationed Rosy at defensive end. The

greater range demanded didn't affect his play. The one weakness he had to overcome was a tendency to play a bit high. That makes a man duck soup for the knife-like blocking by the better guards in the NFL. A miserable day against the Redskins, in which Dick Stanfel and Red Stephens took turns chopping him down, taught Rosy the value of keeping his derriere down. He literally mauled most of the clubs he faced in 1956, while the Giants were steadily advancing to a title, and was awarded All-Star honors.

A tackle who's had more than his share of All-Star laurels is Art Donovan, the grand old man of the Baltimore Colts (if you can call 33 years old antiquated). Donny is the progeny of a famous boxing family, dating back to bare-knuckle days. His father was a famous fight referee of the 1930's. Donny himself is not the pugnacious sort, except when fullbacks try to come through his territory. He's a big (265-pound), good-natured giant with reddish-blond hair (that which he still retains), who takes the rookies under his wing in training camp and makes his room their company headquarters.



Art Donovan has scared as many fullbacks as any man alive. He's 265 pounds of cheerful, bone-shattering tackle

THE DEFENSE NEEDS MOEGLE AND

Both these boys can play on offense, but their secondaries would fall apart without their backing



NORTON



Dick Moegle



Don Paul



Lindon Crow



Jerry Norton

A couple of Texans who got famous as amateurs in the Southwest by carrying a football now make a living preventing others from going too far with it. Dickie Moegle of Rice Institute and the San Francisco Forty-Niners and Jerry Norton of Southern Methodist and the Philadelphia Eagles are being penalized because they're too good at their jobs. Each has the innate talent to be a halfback star on pro offense. They're both elusive, tricky ball carriers with sure hands to double as pass receivers and the drive to go for the extra yard.

The Forty-Niners and Eagles have from time to time used Moegle and Norton as scoring threats. Norton has shown what he could do with a ball crooked in his elbow as a fine punt-return specialist for the Philly eleven. Moegle is remembered as the All-American who zipped through Alabama for three long gainers in the 1954 Cotton Bowl joust, made memorable when he was tackled by a 'Bama player who leaped off the bench.

Inevitably, however, these two terrific runners have been consigned to the defensive secondary because their teams can't get along without them back there. If you wonder why, take the San Francisco-Chicago Bear clash last October. Early in the fourth quarter the Bears led, 17-14. Quarterback Ed Brown tried a long pass; Moegle raced over, grabbed it and fought his way 40 yards to the Bear 20-yard line. The Forty-Niners went in to score and lead, 21-17. With less than a minute to play, the Bears were pounding on the San Francisco 13-yard line. Zeke Bratkowski aimed a pass at Harlon Hill, the

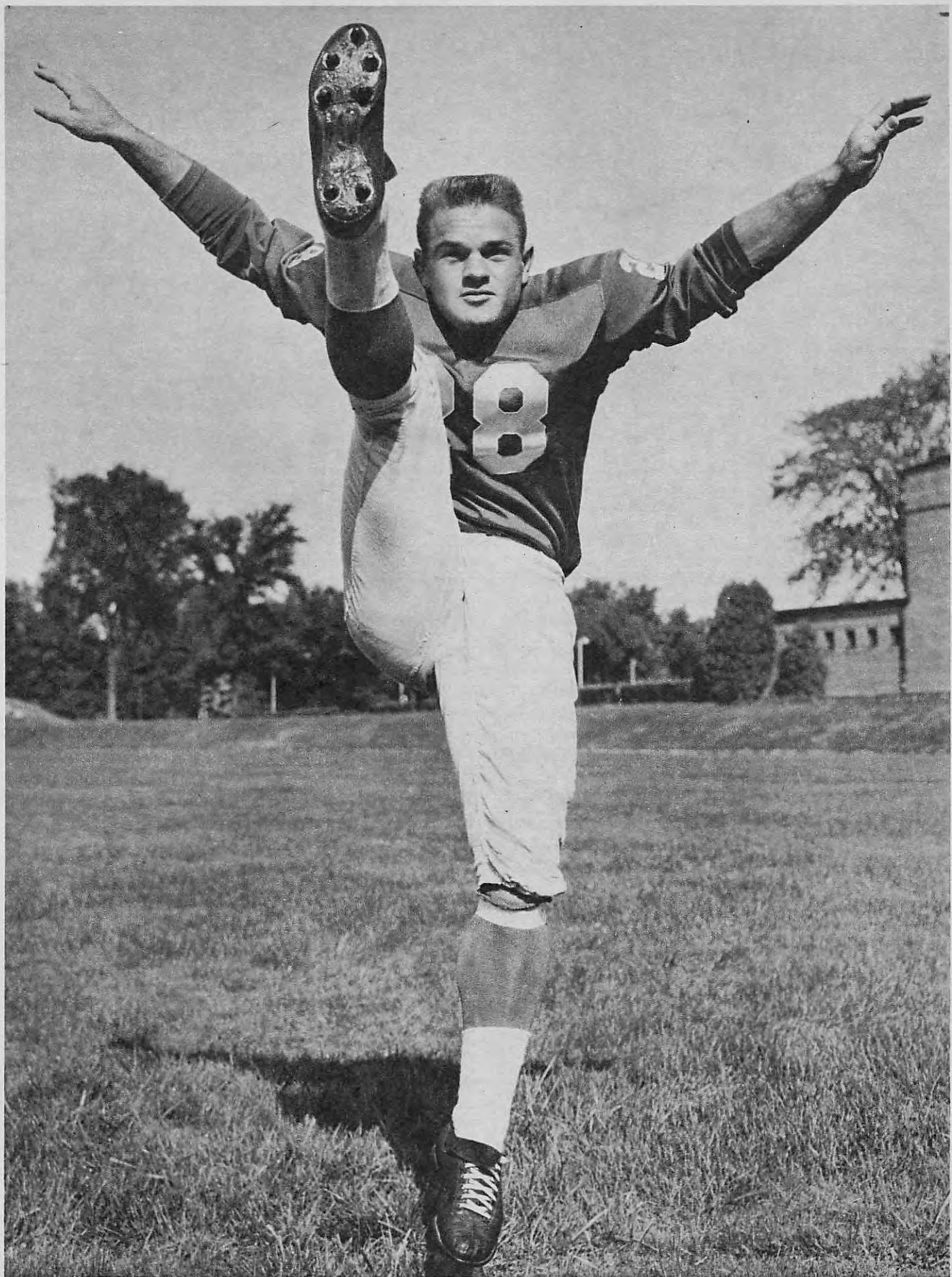
most dangerous receiver in football. Again Moegle leaped in, snatched the ball away, and raced 29 yards to save the game. Moegle, a baby-faced 24, made All-Star for such antics.

New York was playing the Eagles in the second game of the 1957 season and threatening a rout. Leading 21-10 in the third quarter, they moved into the shadow of the Eagle goal. Conerly flipped a pass into the flat. Norton plucked it off on the 1-yard line, set sail for the other end of the field and made the full 99 yards, to pull the Eagles within range. They didn't win, but they made it close, thanks to Jerry's opportunism.

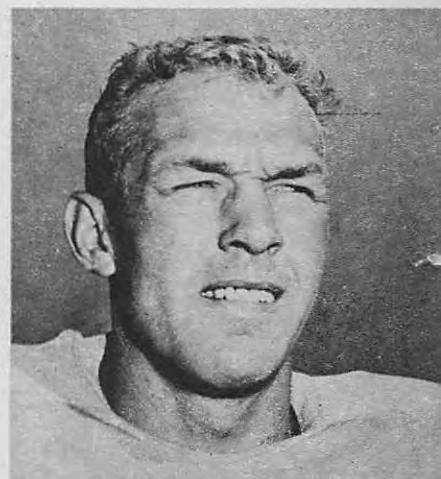
Pass-protection is the specialty of these bouncing Texans, who still make their between-seasons homes in the Lone Star State (Dickie with wife and daughter in Houston, Jerry with wife and daughter in Dallas). Norton also handles the Eagles' punting and is a threat to carry the ball on fourth-down situations.

Another pair who have the ability to go either way, but belong to the aristocracy of pass defenders because of their unique coverage talents are Don Paul, the veteran (33) of the Browns, and Lindon Crow, who led the NFL in pass interceptions two years ago and was acquired last spring by the New York Giants from the Chicago Cardinals. They're West Coast products, Paul from Washington State and Crow from USC, and can ramble. Paul produced the longest run with a fumble in Cleveland history when he raced 89 yards with a ball jarred from the arms of Pittsburgh's Billy Wells.

Norton demonstrates the swift determination that makes him one of the best defensive HB's around. In this case, his tackle cost the Lions two yards, despite the pass completion



Aside from his punting talent, Yale Lary has the speed and sagacity that are the trademarks of Detroit secondaries



Yale Lary, left, and Bill Sherman of the Rams have both been almost as good minor-league outfielders as they are safety men.

IN THE LION'S LAIR LARY IS KING

And when Lary roars, the other denizens of the NFL jungle would like to take to the hills. He's the prime reason Detroit's secondary is considered best in the league

Ask a pro coach to name his model defensive secondary, and his answer is always, "Detroit, by a mile." The Lions for several seasons have gotten lots of mileage out of Jim David, Carl Karilivacz, Jack Christiansen and Yale Lary. Because Christiansen was the senior member and usually tabbed by the all-star selectors, it became fashionable to call the unit, "Chris' Gang."

A title-change is due. Chris is still with them, but the man the Lions now look to for leadership on defense is Yale Lary, a spirited blond out of Texas A&M who has completed four full seasons (interrupted by a service tour) in the NFL. In those four campaigns, the Lions won three world championships.

Last year was Lary's greatest. Not only did the solidly built 186-pounder give them maximum protection at safety (long-gainers for touchdowns are a rarity against the Lions) but his punting prevented a single yard of run-back on 32 straight kicks. He also has the running ability to return the other side's boots.

In the secondary he's not the spectacular kind of op-

erative who plucks off a lot of passes. The guys who lead in interceptions sometimes rack up their totals by gambling on a thrown ball and are likely to have more passes completed against them than they can pilfer. Lary is a stable defender who has the speed and intuitive ability to stick with a receiver. At 27, he has strength, maturity and the confidence of his fellow man. He has filed for a seat in the Texas legislature.

Another fellow the boys rally around is Will Sherman, a co-captain of the Los Angeles Rams. Will has the speed to be one of the fine offensive ends in the game, but the same swiftness causes the Rams to employ him at safety, where he's ranked among the best in the league since joining the club in 1954.

He played at St. Mary's and for the Dallas Texans one year before hiking off to Canada. "Boy, was I glad the Rams tapped me," he says. "I played 60 minutes a game up there. When I wasn't tearing down the field for a pass, I was chasing someone who was. All that running nearly killed me."



BUTLER SERVES THEM WELL

The Steelers know their defense will stay up there as long as lightning-quick Jack Butler is backing the line. During the off-season, his target is termites; the rest of the year, he works on pass receivers

The young kid made his way unsurely across the practice field at the little school in upstate New York. The pads girding his hips and resting on his shoulders felt strange as he joined a group of players. This was new to Jack Butler, reporting for football at St. Bonaventure College. He never played the game before.

"Couple of fellows over there," he mused to himself, "look about my size. I better go with them."

Hugh Devore, the Bonnies' coach (and the Philadelphia Eagles' mentor the last two seasons), made his way down the line of grid candidates, noting their positions. He got near Butler.

"End," said the fellow next to Jack.

"End," said Butler, because he couldn't think of any other position. And he developed in due time into a top collegiate wingman for the tough little Bonnies, mostly

unrecognized because the Olean, N. Y., school didn't attract much attention (and finally gave up the game). The pros passed him up after the 1950 season.

But Father Dan Rooney was the athletic director of the school and his brother happened to be Art Rooney, the owner of the Pittsburgh Steelers. On Father Dan's recommendation, Jack got a pro tryout in Pittsburgh, his home town.

To backtrack a moment, before college, Butler had gone to a Carmelite seminary in Niagara Falls, intending to study for the priesthood. His roommate there was a strong-featured Polish boy, also from Pittsburgh, named Frank Thomas. Neither one had time for games.

Both, however, decided against a religious vocation after graduation, and turned to sports. Thomas chose baseball and made the major leagues as a slugging, versatile star for the Pittsburgh Pirates. Butler made the major leagues, too, with the Pittsburgh Steelers, and over the past seven years has developed into one of the great defense men in the NFL.

The Giants, seeking to bolster their defense last winter, tried desperately to swing a trade for Butler with the Steelers, offering Buddy Parker an attractive package. But when it came up for Rooney's okay, he said nix. Art had played sandlot ball around the Pittsburgh area with Jack's late father, and letting a Butler out would have been like giving up a son.

Like the other great defense men in the game, Jack could be a potent attacking force. He has been a spot offensive end for the Steelers, but coaches like Buddy Parker feel that playing the secondary right is the toughest job in football. And once a man shows he can do the job, he's too valuable to risk elsewhere. Jack has been both durable and dependable and shrewdly aware of the demands of the job. Speed, he knows, is his greatest asset because the men he must track down are the swiftest in the game—guys like Harlon Hill who could break 10 seconds in the 100 without half trying.

Jack takes a calculated risk by shunning hip pads that might encumber him and putting the lightest sort of protective armament on his shoulders.

In two Pro Bowl games his job has been to cover Hill singly, a full endorsement of the confidence he elicits from his coach and the respect the rest of the league pays him. He's probably the best all-around football player on the Steeler squad, coupling speed with stamina. He's well put together at 6-1 and 195 pounds, and the fact that he's 31 is no hindrance because his late start in sports reduces the chance that he'll burn out as quickly as most pros. During the off-season Jack has a flourishing business. He exterminates termites, if that means anything to frisky pass receivers.

Another man with an unusual sideline is the fellow who runs the Bobby Dillon Sports Renovating Service

in Temple, Texas. During the fall you'll find him hanging back deep in the Green Bay Packer defense, displaying an amazing intuition in regard to the pass.

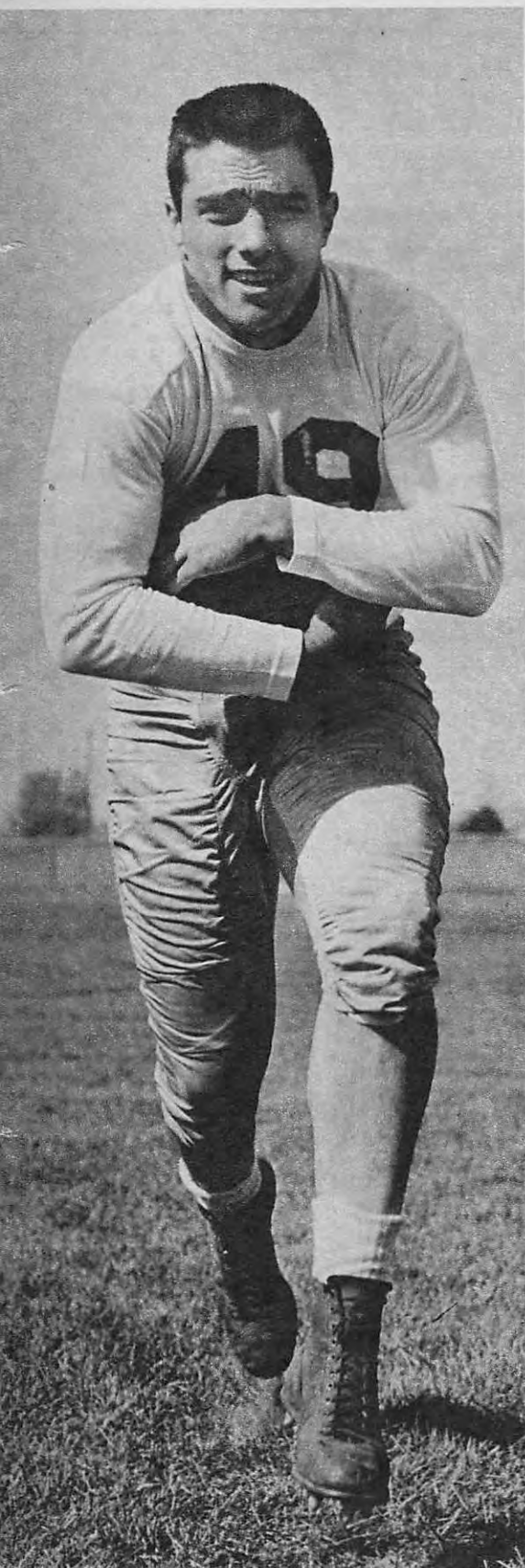
Last season Bobby was literally a playing coach in the Packer secondary, selected by the Green Bay brain trust for his popularity with the boys and the perception that has helped him master the art of defense in his six years with the club. They said he was another coach on the field anyway, so why not make it official.

Bobby has never been anything other than a defensive specialist, unlike many of the other stars who perform at safety. He's not a stranger to running with the ball, proved by the fact he scampered an average of 20 yards on each of the nine passes he intercepted last year. That included a 55-yard jog to a touchdown against the Los Angeles in November when Packer middle-guard Bill Forester picked off a Ram pass and tossed it laterally to Dillon, knowing that Bobby was the man to advance the ball, as he did.

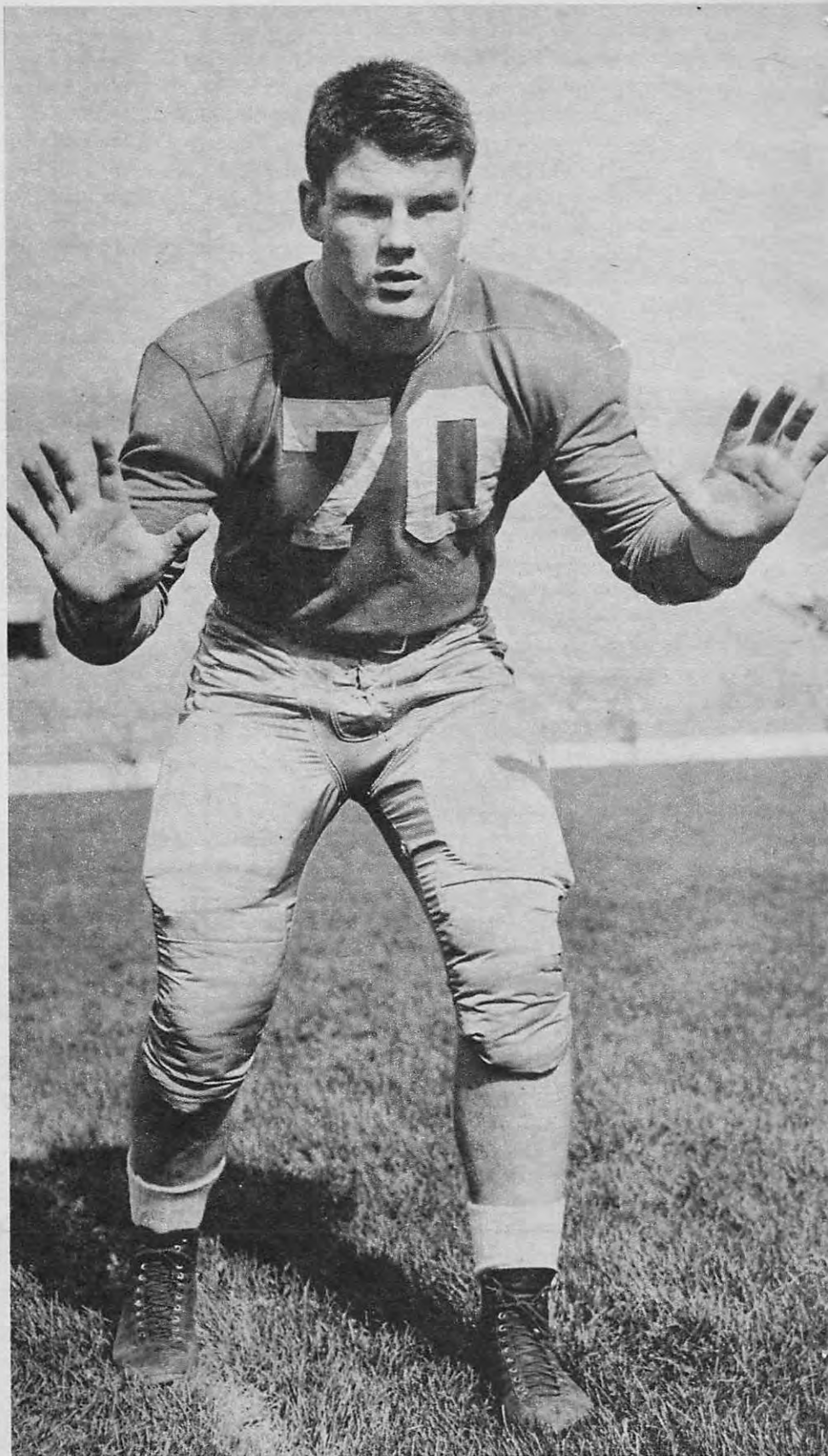
Bobby played his college football at Texas in the platoon era and was a defensive star then also, rating All-America attention in 1951. In his six Packer seasons he has grabbed off 45 enemy passes, an impressive total for anyone, let alone a fellow like Dillon who has played his football career with sight in only one eye.

Dillon's defense play demonstrates the uses of specialization





Nick Pietrosante



Bronko Nagurski



Wray Carlton

College All Stars

Pros of the Future

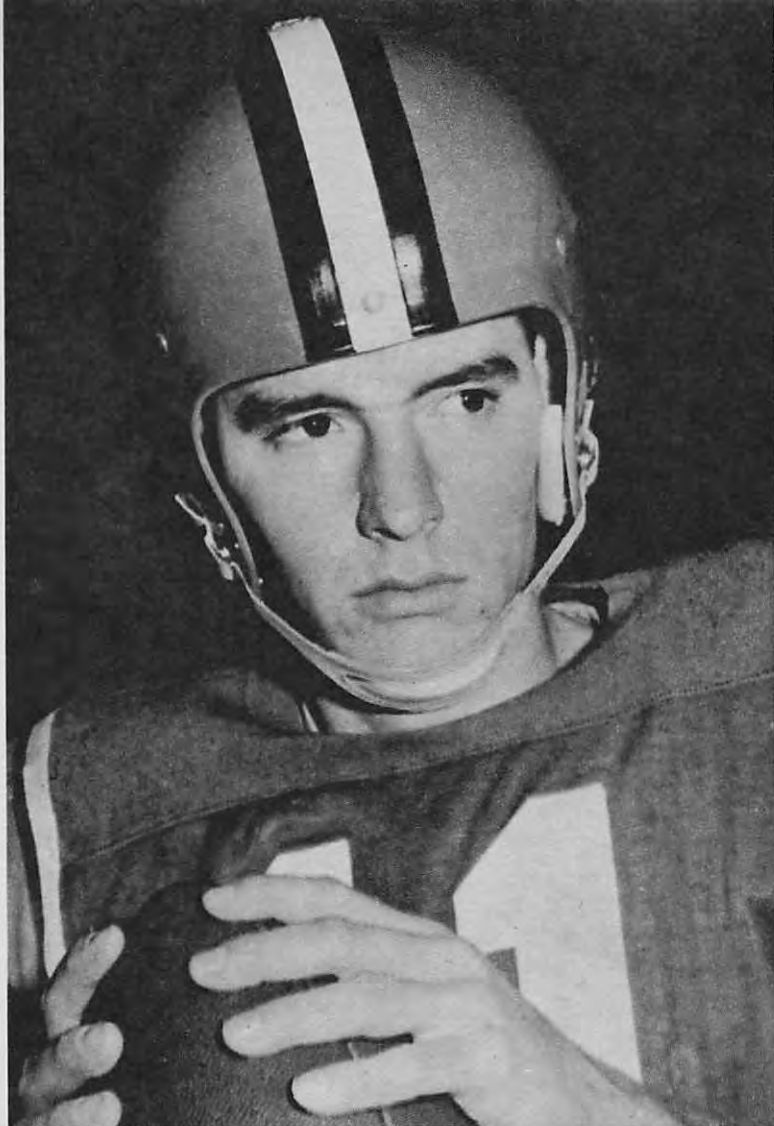
Some years ago Red Blaik did a sportswriter friend a turn and lent his name to a magazine article which proclaimed that the rah-rah college boys played football with more verve, fervor and efficiency than the blase pros. But even a devotee of varsity ball like the Army colonel privately admits that the pros possess skills far more developed than that of schoolboys.

Last year, however, his original argument got a fresh stimulant when an underdog, outclassed Utah team invaded West Point's multi-level plain and raised all kinds of hob with the future generals before dropping a 39-33 game. The reason the Utes got that close was a limber-armed young quarterback named Lee Grosscup, playing his first season of major college football and throwing with the accuracy of a Sammy Baugh.

"The best passer I've seen come along in 10 years," said Allie Sherman, the smart football fellow who scours the country seeking talent for New York's Giants.

If Grosscup had been eligible for the National Football League draft, there's no doubt he would have been the bonus choice. If his right arm doesn't suddenly disintegrate this autumn and new coach Ray Nagel can

Continued on next page



Lee Grosscup



Sam Williams



Billy Stacy

COLLEGE ALL STARS — Continued

build any kind of showcase for his passing displays, he's a cinch to be the first name put on the board when the pros collect again in Philadelphia next January.

Lee is an interesting product of a ball-throwing neighborhood. He grew up in Santa Monica, Calif., with Jackie Douglas, a brilliant quarterback for Stanford last year, and Ronnie Knox, a great thrower. Lee was embroiled in the University of Washington grid scandal, having enrolled there as a freshman. He quit when the recruiting mess broke, returned home to junior college, broke a leg, went to Utah and produced so handsomely that he made All-American without advance fanfare, a most unusual achievement in an era when the All-Star teams are chosen in August and the boys just play out the string to prove the selectors are right.

If mediocre support mires Grosscup, the man the pros will most admire in 1958 could be Nick Pietrosante, the bruising fullback of a revived Notre Dame team. The East remembers him for a 70-yard run that brought about the defeat of Army last October. The

Midwest knows him as a kid out of Ansonia, Conn., who has suddenly grown into a 230-pounder. A pro scout who saw him in the annual Irish spring game wrote his home office ecstatically: "Absolutely great—if he doesn't get killed. He must have carried the ball 60 times in one scrimmage."

A rundown of the list of other backfield stars around the nation pinpoints quarterback Billy Stacy of Mississippi State, great at any facet of the game, particularly in directing the split-T, and Bob Newman of Washington State, already drafted by San Francisco for his pro-style throwing. For company at fullback, Pietrosante has John Herrnstein, a Michigan bulldozer if he can shake an injury hoodoo, and two Southwesterners, Larry Hickman of Baylor and Ray Chilton of Rice.

It must be noted, however, that there are a couple of juniors lurking in the wings who can shove all these other guys out of the picture. Bob White of Ohio State is certainly in the Bronko Nagurski groove—a brute of a boy who can and has played center, but is absolutely irrepressible lunging into a pileup with a ball in his arms. Don Meredith, lanky SMU quarterback, merely



Jim Healy



Al Ecuyer



Bob Reifsnnyder



Bob Anderson

Some of the larger talents who have been developing in the nation's college ovals are pictured in these pages. Most of them are a cinch for this year's pro draft. They'll be top rookies next year

set a new national record for percentage of pass completions as a sophomore.

Duke's Wray Carlton is representative of a crop of halfbacks who possess the open-field magnetism that made Red Grange great. Don Clark of Ohio State, and Dick Bass of College of the Pacific are also mighty fine examples of great running ability—when they're fit to function. Each has been held back from certain All-American honors by leg aggravations. Pros who look to the future are eyeing Army's Bob Anderson, an All-American as a sophomore, and LSU's Billy Cannon, called the Southland's finest, though Auburn's Tommy Lorino comes up for mention here.

Dossiers on 1958 college linemen lead with Bob Reifsnnyder of Navy. For pro purposes he's tainted by the fact his academy contract binds him to three years of service after graduation. Otherwise they'd all be groping for a 235-pounder who can move at tackle or as a linebacker. He's the big name, overshadowing the following tackles: Ken Beck of Texas A&M, Troy Barbee of Stanford, Wayne Farmer of Purdue and Bronko Nagurski, Jr., of Notre Dame. Every now and then a

small college man squeezes in. This year's dark horse is Emil Karas of Dayton, whom the scouts are eyeing.

Burly Al Ecuyer, a Notre Damer by way of New Orleans, is pre-eminent among the guards. From New England, Holy Cross advances Jim Healy, blocking terror. Men like Ellison Kelly power the Michigan State attack. The Rocky Mountains gasp at the strength of Colorado's John Wooten, and body choppers like Bobby Urbano keep the single wing alive at Tennessee.

Center honors are clear cut. Bob Harrison of Oklahoma, a demon linebacker, is way ahead of the field. Jake Burkett of Auburn, a junior, may come fast.

The ends feature a unique giant from Michigan State, Sammy Williams—still a college boy at 27 (because of extended service), drafted two years ago by the pros. Other top flankers are Dick Wallen of UCLA, a 1957 All-American; Jerry Wilson of Auburn, out from under Jimmy Phillips' shadow; Ron Stover of Oregon, heroic in the Rose Bowl, and Buddy Dial, a pass catcher for Rice.

Put all this talent together, and Blaik's private contention might not be far-fetched, at that.

ROOKIES



Lou Michaels



Dan Currie



Raymond Brown

A person who's trying to pick the outstanding new men coming into the NFL this year has almost as tough a decision as the kid with his nose stuck to the candy-store window. Everything looks good.

The tackles weigh 240. The backs shade 10 seconds for the 100. About the only scarcity is sharp-passing quarterbacks, and this can be traced to the growth of the collegiate split-T, with its premium on running. Picking the rookies most likely to star is partly luck, too. A man may be the best broken-field runner you ever saw, but that won't help him make the Rams, who have no less than four men to fill one running halfback job.

There are some certainties even in pro football, however. A sixth sense wasn't necessary to know that Jimmy Brown was going to make it with the Browns last year. Also, a quick look at Dan Currie and Lou Michaels dispels any doubt about their fitness for pro ball.

Currie is a rangy Irishman from Detroit who played guard at Michigan State, moved to center and wowed the Midwest as a linebacker. This gives the Green Bay Packers a wide choice of how to use the 235-pounder.

Lou is the "little" brother of Walt Michaels, who

backs up the line for the Browns. Los Angeles has the same job in mind for Lou, a warrior who reveled in the rough stuff when he played at Kentucky. One boxing promoter, in fact, was so impressed by Lou's toe-to-toe combat he tried to line him up for a bout against Pete Rademacher. And Michaels made All-American at tackle two years in a row while playing for a loser.

Two other prominent '57 linemen are edging into the pro picture, although more modestly since their particular teams happen to be well stocked at their positions. Alex Karras of Iowa, voted the Outland Award as the finest interior lineman of the year, will work at defensive tackle for Detroit. The Pittsburgh Steelers add Bill Krisher of Oklahoma to their guard corps.

Not so well known was Chuck Howley, Mountaineer guard from West Virginia who was drafted by the Bears before both Karras and Krisher. His agility should help him to back up a line.

On paper this doesn't look like an outstanding year for new ends. Jim Phillips of Auburn, who collected the most laurels last fall, has his hands full just trying to catch on with Los Angeles, although he's one of the big



Chuck Howley



Bill Krisher



John David Crow



Dick Christy



Billy Lott



King Hill

The year's roster of new talent is so loaded down with goodies that even the experts are having a tough time picking the best

guys who can sprint too. The Browns corralled Jim Gibbons of Iowa and Farrell Funston, an underrated College of the Pacific wingman, but they, too, are well stocked on the flanks. The Bears seem to think Michigan State's Bob Jewett has the ability to replace one of their vets. But the real sleeper may show at Salem, Ore., when the Giants start drilling Don Maynard at end. He was a halfback at little Texas Western, but captivated the Senior Bowl crowd as a flanker.

The scarcity of new quarterbacks is even more apparent. The Cardinals, in desperate need of new field-general talent, made King Hill, of Rice, the bonus choice of 1958. For sheer quarterbacking virtuosity, however, Ryan, also of Rice, may be the better bet. The Rams are hoping for great things from him.

The Browns have room for Jim Ninowski of Michigan State if he can duplicate the form he showed in drills for the Senior Bowl. The Packers are gambling on Doug Maison, a hungry passer from Hillsdale, Mich.

Although varsity play demands that a player earn his tuition on both offense and defense, this is the stage where they split the backs in the platoon system. A fel-

low like Jimmy Shofner of TCU, a first-draft choice, is earmarked for defense by the Browns, while it would be difficult to visualize Walt Kowalczyk of Michigan State doing anything but lugging the ball for Philadelphia. Phil King of Vanderbilt is another ball-carrier for the Giants, though it isn't decided whether he'll run at fullback or halfback. Dick Christy of North Carolina State is sure to scoot on offense for Green Bay, but Mississippian Ray Brown's best bet with the Colts is on defense. Billy Lott, also of Mississippi, might make it either way with the Giants. John David Crow, Texas A&M's human minesweeper, gives the Cards the same option.

The most intriguing newcomer of them all is Len Lyles, a darter who went to Louisville. Lyles impressed the Colts enough to become top pick on their draft. He checks in at close to 200 pounds and has a 9.5 clocking to his credit. Colt quarterback John Unitas, also a Louisville product, has proved he'll buck the line.

These are the kind you have to watch for. Who could tell when the Bears assembled for camp last summer that the most exciting kid in the group was to be jug-eared Willie Galimore, the flash from Florida A&M?



John Majors



Vince Costello



J. D. Roberts



Joe Perry



Andy Robustelli

There's many a slip 'twixt
college oval and the roughhouse
that is pro football

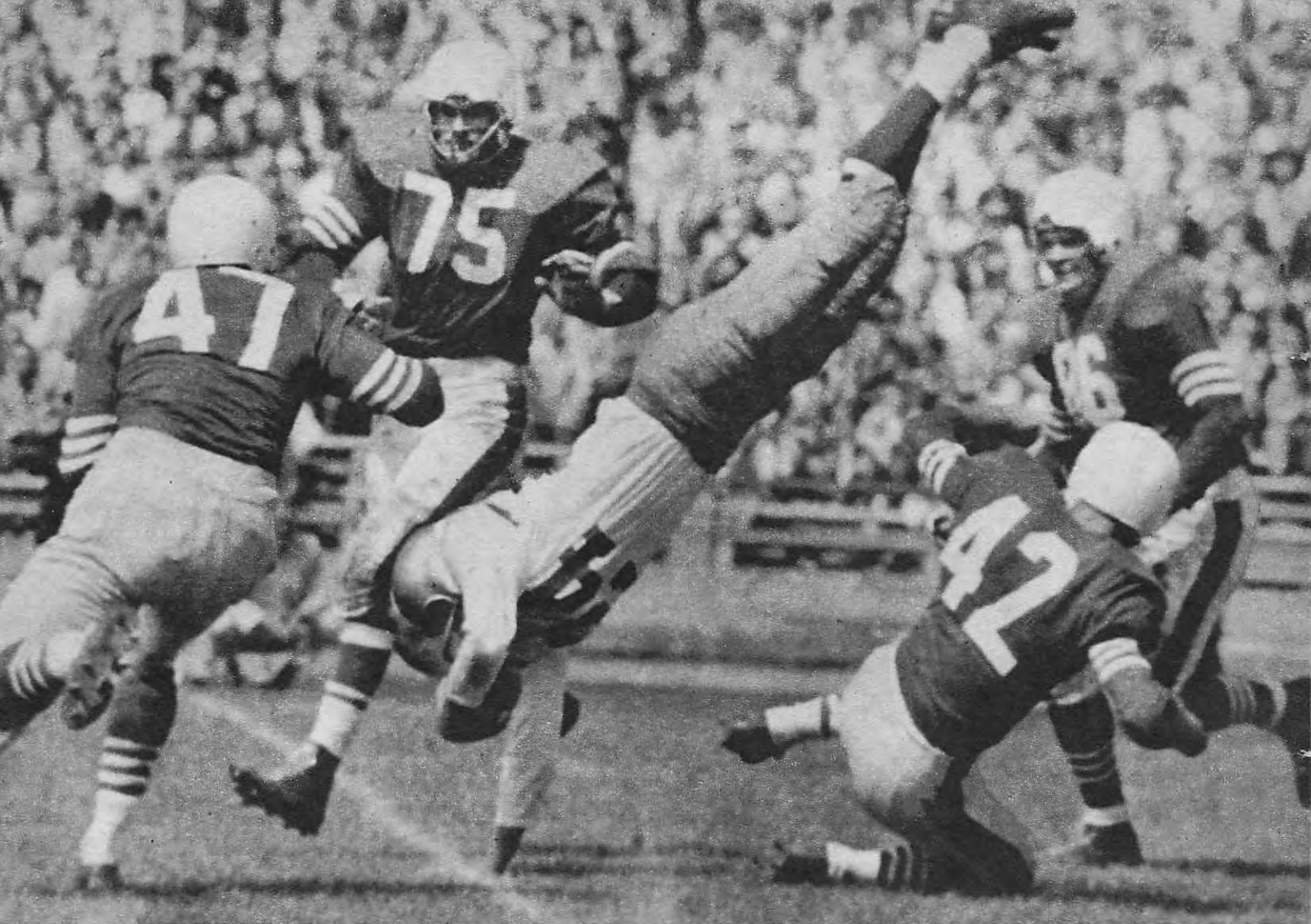
ALL-AMERICANS DON'T ALWAYS MAKE PROS

A check of the rosters of the National Football League reveals that many of the bruisers playing football for dough served their apprenticeships at relatively unheard-of schools. The same check will reveal disparately few from schools like Oklahoma and Tennessee. Both of them manufacture All-Americans with the regularity of Lou Groza kicking extra points.

What makes an All-American poop out when they ask him to exercise his prowess among the pros, while guys like Joe Perry of Compton Junior College and Jim Podoley of Central Michigan make it big?

For one thing, some college stars simply aren't heavy enough. J. D. Roberts was a great blocking guard in the Oklahoma split-T as long as he had to deal only with men his own size, or roughly 200 pounds. But when he found defensive lines uniformly stacked with pros in the vicinity of 250 pounds, J. D. just didn't have the bulk to do the job, and couldn't even hang on with the Canadian gridders to the north.

Johnny Majors, the greatest thing in the land for the Tennessee Vols in 1956, had much the same experience. Because he weighed in at 165 pounds, the American



Jim Podoley, diving, is typical of the small-school (Central Michigan) player whose size and guile makes him a natural pro

pros virtually ignored him (much to his chagrin) and he found himself cut after a fling at Canadian ball.

Majors and Roberts had the size excuse. But what of the men with All-American clippings who apparently have the physical qualifications as well—size and heft—and still are lopped off the roster at cutdown time?

The explanation involves several factors. First, start with the premise that an All-American isn't always the best man around, just the one with the best publicity in a position that attracts attention. The great Steve Van Buren, for instance, was scarcely heard of when he played at Louisiana State. He was a blocking back, a species conveniently overlooked by men writing headlines. But when they placed him at fullback in the Philadelphia Eagles' T he became one of the most punishing runners the game has ever seen. Jackie Crain was the open-field sparkler who made All-American at Texas in the mid-1940s. But his substitute, Spec Sanders, was the one who made it big with the pros.

Secondly, your All-American is frequently spoiled.

College teams generally don't have more than four or five men of top-flight talent. If he can avoid these men, sheer physical advantage will enable him to overpower the rest of the opposition. No college guy could handle Leon Hart alone. With the pros, the Notre Dame 265-pounder needed guile as well as power; he never managed to live up to his potential.

Third, the All-American frequently comes into a pro camp thinking he's got it made. Unless he's got a non-release clause in his contract, a rude awakening awaits him if he doesn't put out. This is the crux of the matter. The man from the little school, engulfed in obscurity, comes to camp hungry. He's got to make it the hard way, and make it quick, to hang on with the pros. The playing field is a great leveler. It finds Vince Costello of Ohio U cracking the aristocratic Browns as a regular middle linebacker in his rookie year. It finds Andy Robustelli from extinct Arnold College still defending his end in all-pro style after seven years.

The results, and not the buildup, are what count.

DETROIT LIONS

SAN FRANCISCO 49'ERS

BALTIMORE COLTS

LOS ANGELES RAMS

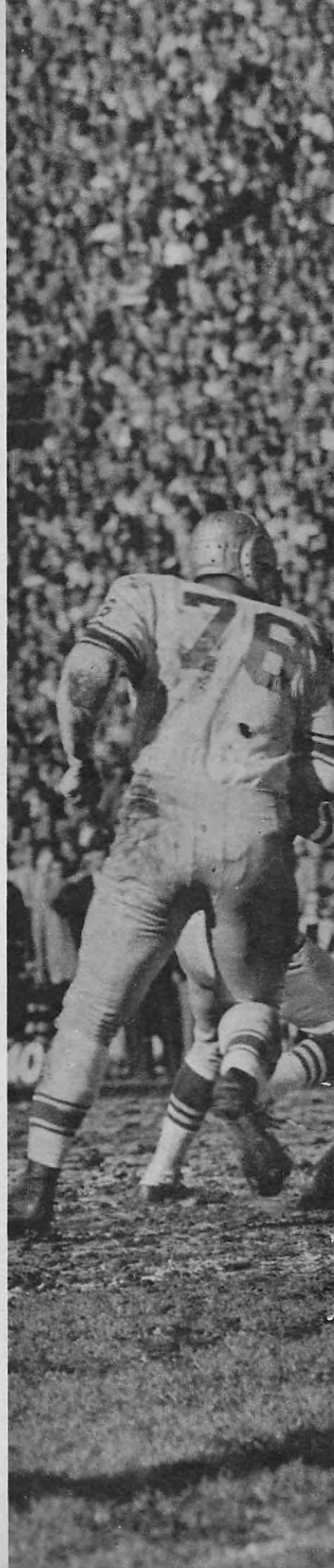
CHICAGO BEARS

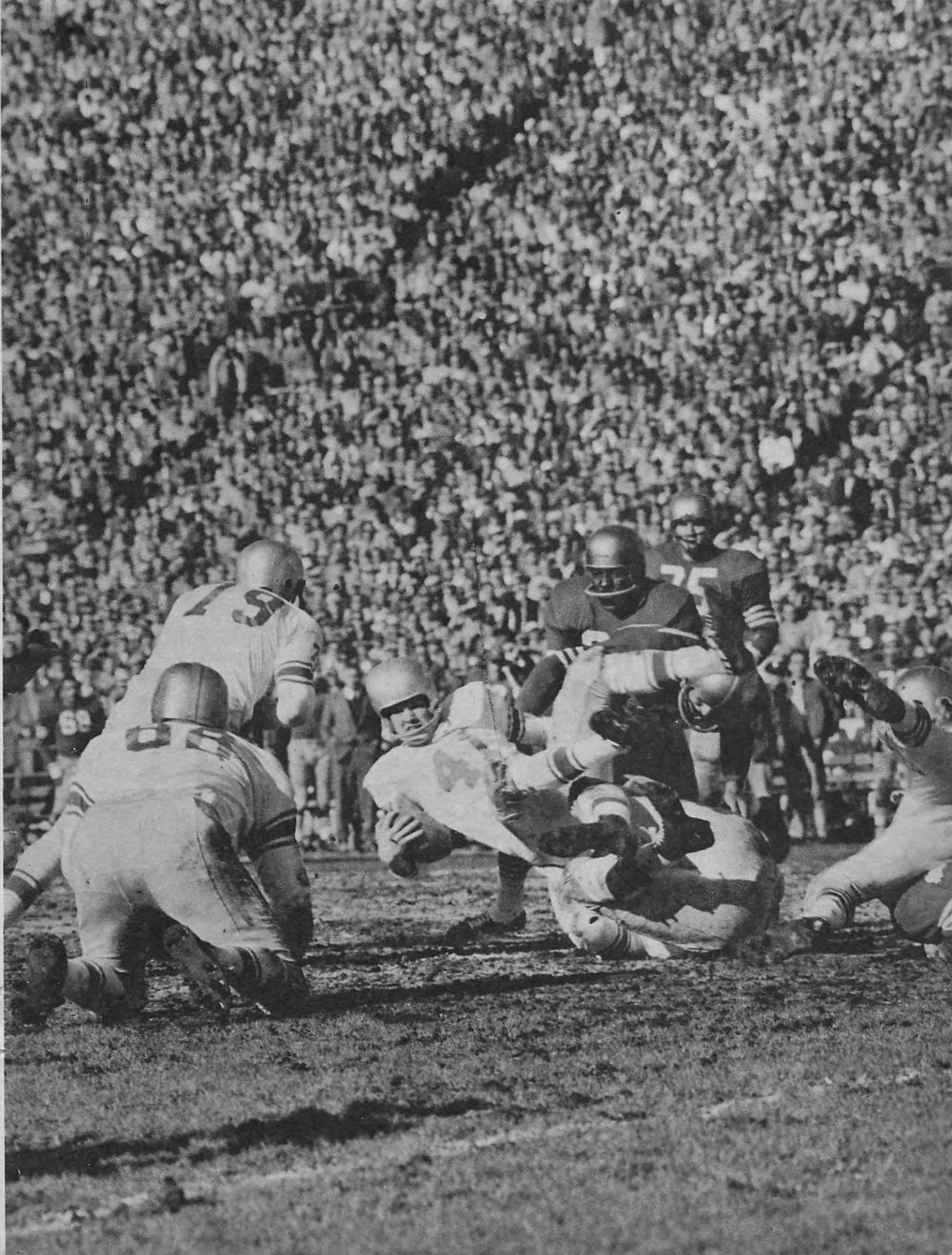
GREEN BAY PACKERS

WESTERN DIVISION

Form has taken a brutal beating in the West since Detroit proved, a couple of years back, that a team can jump from last place to first in one short year. Because they're defending and league champions, the Lions should be in the driver's seat. But, without a lot of luck, they never would have squeezed by the Forty-Niners or the Baltimore Colts in '57. Watch out particularly for the romping Colts now that they've started to win regularly. Keep in mind, though, that the hottest team at the end of '57 was tension-torn Los Angeles. Also, that George Halas is once more the Papa Bear of a Chicago crew that has no business losing. That leaves only Green Bay, and their roster just doesn't figure for last place

Lions' HB Terry is brought down by the Forty-Niners as he returns a punt in the first period of the play-off game in 1957







George Wilson

DETROIT LIONS

What with old pros, great new rookies, and Joe Schmidt, Detroit is more than ready for the autumn romp. Their secondary is the envy of the NFL, and the fans are convinced that this year they're a shoo-in

The 1958 Detroit Lions epitomize the "old pro" concept, from their front office to the coaching staff to the playing field. Typically, they started out by leading the league in advance season ticket sales. If they never sell a ducat the morning or afternoon of a game, their season is a financial success.

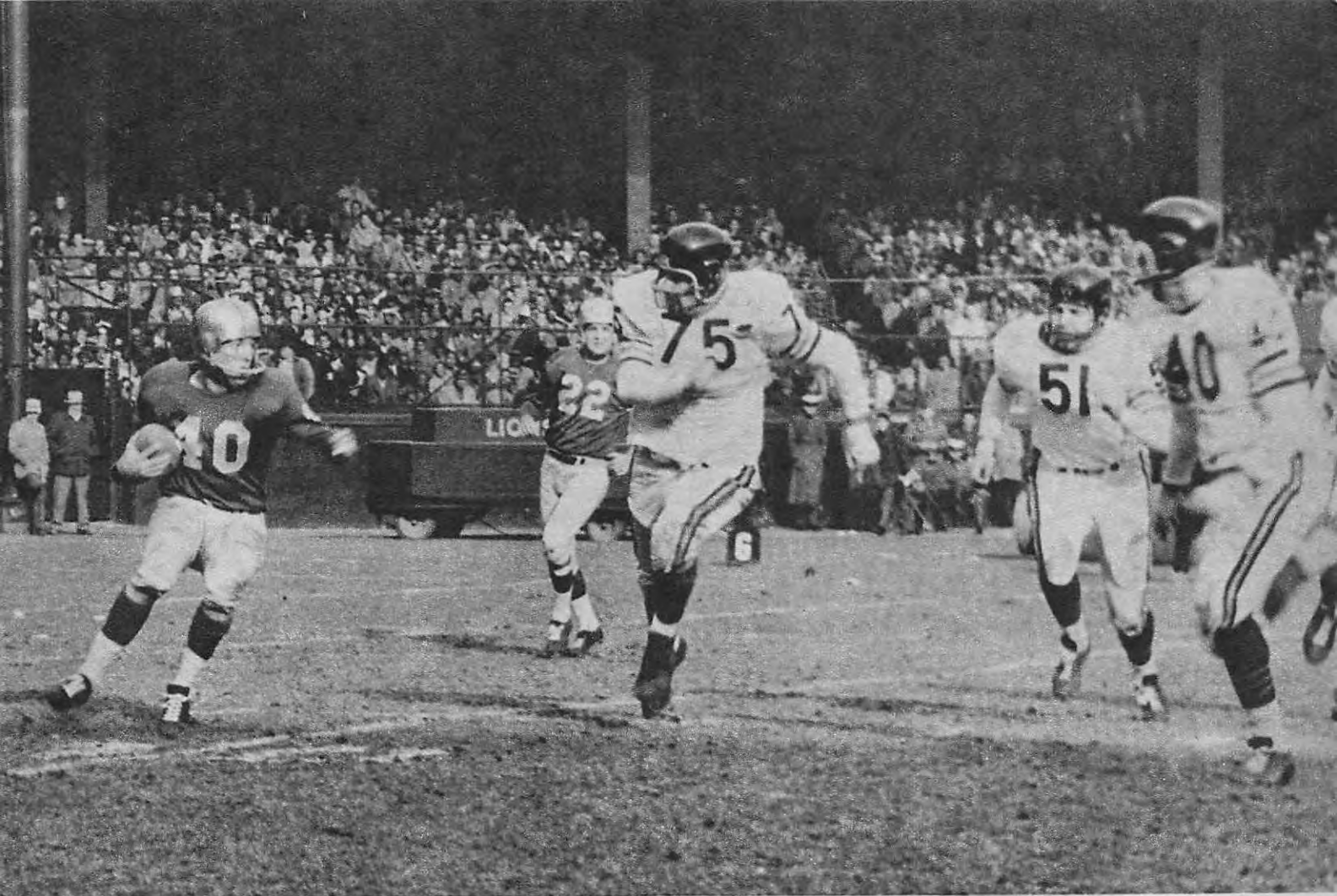
Last year 39,844 seats were gobbled up for the season, an all-time NFL record, before football fans had the vaguest notion that the team was destined to march all the way to the world championship. This year's sales figure will go over 40,000.

The Lions have Detroit and the state of Michigan locked up in a hotbed area of football featuring the collegiate competition of Michigan State and the university in nearby Ann Arbor.

More important, the Lions have done an equally fine job on the field. You can bring the fans in, but then you've got to produce. When Buddy Parker, now coaching for Pittsburgh, exited without warning on the eve of the 1957 season, the Lions had a man waiting in the wings—tough, quiet George Wilson, who had made

his mark in the player ranks and as an assistant knew how to handle the Lions' old pros and their talent for getting into occasional trouble off the field. (Parker called them "out of control both on and off the field.")

As for the players, the Lions don't attract the type that panic. Bobby Layne or Jim Doran or Joe Schmidt or Bob Miller and any of a half dozen others are thoroughly schooled in facing crucial situations on the field. The only big question mark was Tobin Rote, acquired in a multi-player deal during training season as insurance against Layne's bum shoulder. It was a good thing they had him when Bobby's ankle bone cracked instead. A great quarterback for the losing Packers, Rote had to prove he could star in the pressured atmosphere of a winning team. This he did in key come-from-behind situations the last half of the season. In the regular season finale he spotted the bruising Bears a ten-point lead going into the third quarter, and pitched two quick scores to cancel that advantage. In the division playoff against the Forty-Niners, he rallied the Lions from a 20-point deficit halfway through the third quarter and



Crowd-pleasing Hopalong Cassady comes around the end in a bout with the hard-hitting Chicago Bears, but the Lions lost, 27-7

miraculously brought off a 31-27 victory, and he was flawless in the 59-14 title victory against Cleveland.

Rote didn't do it alone. The Lions are smart. They know you get there first with defense. The Detroit secondary perennially is held up as a model for the pros. Start an all-pro backfield poll and some coach always pops up, "Give me the four guys on Detroit."

Nowhere in that defense is there a soft spot. First trace of one, and there are changes. A player isn't allowed to hang in there until he's over the hill. Even Jack Christiansen, for years the top safety man, found his sterling reputation didn't mean a thing when Terry Barr proved he could do the job just as well and sometimes better. The only man to figure as an untouchable is Joe Schmidt, the middle linebacker who's the team captain and plots the moves on defense. He's merely the best in football.

On offense, the Lions don't feature the sensational play-makers, like Matson, McElhenny or Hill. They do the job with Doran, who doesn't have the speed to go all the way but doesn't drop passes in the clutch either, and Gene Gedman, who slams out the four yards a crack that

insures ball control. Steve Junker is their type of rookie—a big, capable end with the power to wipe out tacklers.

The one man with a flair for the thrilling is Hopalong Cassady, the latter-day Doak Walker who makes up for his relatively unprepossessing bulk with an almost uncanny ability to be in the right place at the right time. He'll probably find himself playing wide this year for running room.

The Lions have also had remarkable success in perking up the careers of men they've acquired from other clubs. Remember how Pat Harder trudged in from the Cardinals to give them great blocking at fullback? John Henry Johnson made the same type of transition from San Francisco. He kept Leon Hart nailed to the bench, and now Hart has retired.

The Lions round out their experienced contingent with bouncing rookie giants like tackles Bill Glass and Alex Karras. Then, of course, there's Bobby Layne. If Bobby's wistful boast that he can recover from his ankle injury proves true, the boys from Detroit will be quite a threat in any man's league.



Frank Albert

SAN FRANCISCO

The Forty-Niners have one sweet coaching parlay in Albert and Hickey, and the defense is finally on a par with the offense. The '57 playoffs were a bad dream, but the fans figure this year for a lock

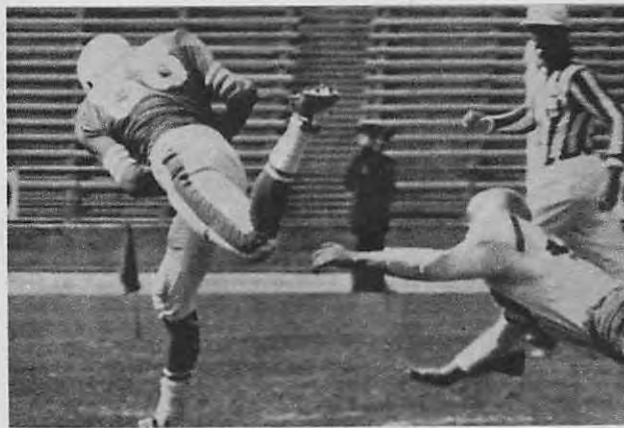
The Forty-Niners' veteran halfback Hugh McElhenny sounded off last winter. Said Red Hickey was doing most of the coaching. Said Frank Albert devoted most of his time to administration. This was a polite suggestion that coach Albert's voice was only good for soothing some of the players' savage breasts. Mac was sincere but astonished by the furor that ensued as seasoned football men came to Albert's defense. They pointed out that a coach is only as good as his assistants; that Paul Browns, able to run one-man shows, are rarities; and that Albert had proved his point with the Forty-Niners by spearheading the most exciting season of their entire, and sometimes very rocky, 13-year existence.

Albert had been quarterback for the Forty-Niners before he took over as head coach, and there had been those who questioned his ability to adjust temperamentally to the detailed demands of the job. Frank came through just fine, thanks, and maybe it *was* because of Red Hickey and the rest of the staff, but if it was, does that make Albert's effort any less a success? If they could have cut last season short by a half hour, the Forty-

Niners, not the Lions, would be sitting on top of the world. In the Western Division playoff against the Lions, the Forty-Niners were flawless for thirty-five minutes. The first division title in team history seemed in the bag as Tittle passed the Forty-Niners to a 27-7 lead after the second-half kickoff.

Then Tittle, superb all season, fumbled. It didn't look vital at the time, but the Lions recovered, moved to a score, and swung to a stunning 31-27 reversal. For weeks San Francisco reeled under the blow, refusing to be consoled even by the arrival of Willie Mays and major-league baseball, for pro football has become a way of life in Baghdad-by-the-Bay. Nevertheless, ticket sales have jumped more than 11,000 over last year, and with that comforting thought, the Forty-Niner brass couldn't be too displeased with the prospects for '58.

Key to the renaissance of the Forty-Niners last year was that the defense finally moved abreast of the offense. If the Forty-Niners had been able to ward off injuries in the secondary, to Bob Holladay and Val Joe Walker, not even fired-up Detroit could have caught them, because



A Y. A. Tittle special — in this case a hot 54-yard pass — finds its way into the waiting arms of big Clyde Conner, who eludes the Redskins' Gary Lowe to romp over the goal line, heels flying, in the '57 exhibition game between Washington and San Francisco

those vacancies were fully exploited by the Lions. Now, with Dickie Moegle fully developed as a star defender, the other two in condition, and a band of good-looking youngsters arriving, the secondary is no longer the Achilles' heel of the Gold Rush boys.

Albert did his best job in coaxing more mileage out of defensive tackle Leo Nomellini and end Bob Toneff. Both had slumped woefully in recent seasons. His major coup as a trader was landing Marv Matuszak from the Steelers. The strong, silent Tulsa product immediately took charge of the defense from his linebacking role and wound up the year lauded as an all-pro. Matuszak's play also bolstered the performances of Matt Hazeltine and rookie Karl Rubke. If Charley Powell decides to concentrate on football, rather than the professional boxing ring, the Forty-Niners won't have any linebacking problems, and a team in that pleasant spot automatically breathes a little more easily while they plug the other holes.

There was less reconstruction on offense, which has always been the San Francisco forte and should remain so this year. The one tender area is at guard, where Bruce

Bosley, Ted Connolly and Lou Palatella are the men of rank but won't scare off job applicants. Frank Morze, who operates over the ball, better keep his weight below 280 if he wants to hang in there. Bob Cross and Bob St. Clair have a firm grip on the tackle posts—if Cross' knees don't act up. Clyde Conner and Billy Wilson are top-flight ends and get assistance from rookie Fred Dugan, so it's unlikely McElhenny will remain at end, where he played during an injury spree in '57. The King, as they call him, can't afford to loaf in his customary halfback position with the arrival of Abe Woodson and Jim Pace, mercurial Big Ten products.

Joe Perry should become the all-time ground gaining champion this year, surpassing Steve Van Buren's mark, and he has Gene Babb to help him out. Even Y. A. Tittle must step lively to ward off John Brodie, a passer who can't miss becoming a big one. R. C. Owens has the slot to himself because of the famed kangaroo jump that makes him such a fine pass-receiver.

With that array, not even McElhenny will care who does the actual coaching.



Weeb Ewbank

BALTIMORE COLTS

Baltimore fans are eyeing this year's roster with glee. Nelson, Davis, and Shinnick seem to have it made, and backed by take-charge-guy Johnny Unitas, the Colts just may wind up with the big wax ball

One morning six years ago, Bert Bell, the league president, told Carroll Rosenbloom, "You're going to buy the Baltimore franchise." When Rosenbloom, an old Penn halfback who once had been coached by Bell, found himself thus mesmerized into ownership, he discovered that he liked it. When he took over, he told expectant Baltimore, "Give us time. In five years you'll have a winner."

Last year, he was almost right. If end Jim Mutscheller had spun around a second sooner, the Baltimore Colts might have been defending the championship of the Western Division of the National Football League. Quite likely the NFL flag, too, in view of the shower Detroit gave the Cleveland Browns in the playoff.

Instead, in the final game against San Francisco, Johnny Unitas' short third-down pass bounced harmlessly off Mutscheller's chest. The Colts lost the first down which would have run out the clock, and the Forty-Niners converted two desperation heaves into a winning touchdown, and so Rosenbloom missed being a seer by that one fluff.

But even if the Colts made a liar out of their boss by blowing the final two games on the West Coast, just as they had a couple of years before, they were still the surprise team of the league, only thrown off the championship track by three last-minute upsets.

Coach Weeb Ewbank, who's been collecting the lion's share of the credit for the Colts' improvement, comes in for some blame from the front office for the reverse Merriwell finishes. A meticulous leader between games, Ewbank can get a little excitable in his bench direction on Sundays. In fairness, though, he can only tell a rookie safety man not to let a pass-receiver get behind him under any circumstances. He can't go out on the field and run alongside the lad.

The Colts were a better team in '57 because kids like Andy Nelson, Milt Davis and Don Shinnick made spots for themselves in the defensive array. The year's seasoning should make them airtight. The usual man-eating pack digs in on the forward wall — Gino Marchetti and Don Joyce at ends, Art Donovan and Big Daddy Lipscomb the tackles. Lipscomb is the biggest at 282. Mar-

Ray Berry, right, was one of the most improved wings in the league last year, while Milt Davis, far right, gives the kind of protection to the deep middle that can make a coach's sleep sound and dreamless



chetti, the lightweight at 240, is superb at putting pressure on the passer. Behind them Jack Patera, Shinnick, Bill Pellington and Doug Eggers make a quartet of steadily improving linebackers.

The Colts were also better because luck threw Johnny Unitas their way. The rangy tosser, sloughed off by his hometown Pittsburgh Steelers with scarcely a glance, wound up playing sand-lot ball, and was invited to the Colts' camp when his name was spotted on an old waiver list. He wound up shoving George Shaw out of a job.

Shaw has had knee trouble. Back in top shape, he gives the Colts a tremendous one-two punch in the vital quarterback post. Both he and Unitas can roll out if the defense slants in too much. Give swiftie Shaw an edge on the ground, but Unitas has the more dangerous throwing arm, particularly on the long heaves, and takes charge when he's calling signals. He's the man who'll have to be beaten for the job. The players of the NFL voted him the Jim Thorpe Trophy for outstanding individual performance in a poll conducted by NEA Service.

Just as Unitas made it the hard way, so did most of

the players who won offensive line jobs after being written off as weak sisters. Jim Mutscheller and Ray Berry at the ends won't ever command the respect of a Harlon Hill, but diligence and application have made them bona fide pros as receivers and blockers. George Preas was a nobody, Art Spinney an aging end, Alex Sandusky a small-school beginner, and Buzz Nutter too skinny. Yet they all opened holes for Lenny Moore and L. G. Dupre and Alan Ameche and kept a tight pocket around Unitas. Having Jim Parker at tackle made a difference. He was the one man who came in with a big reputation and was worth it. After his rookie season, he's already rated an All-Star candidate.

Weeb Ewbank is a Paul Brown disciple. If he doesn't have quite the savoir faire of the old master, he is just as grimly determined. And if the Baltimore resurrection is not yet a total success, he has at least achieved a much more nearly balanced team, in which the defense is catching up to the offense. The Colts, once the doormats of the league, certainly don't have to apologize to anyone for anything these days.



Sid Gilman

LOS ANGELES RAMS

This is the year that Sid Gilman must prove his oft-repeated claim that Van Brocklin was more headache than help. He's got the men; he's got the fans' support. And with Van gone, he's got all the responsibility, too

This is the year Sid Gilman goes it alone after three seasons as head coach of a segment of the Los Angeles Rams. The word "segment" is used because it's no secret that Norm Van Brocklin, the quarterback he inherited upon arrival in 1955, didn't see eye to eye with his nominal boss. The Dutchman called his shots as he saw them, much to Gilman's chagrin.

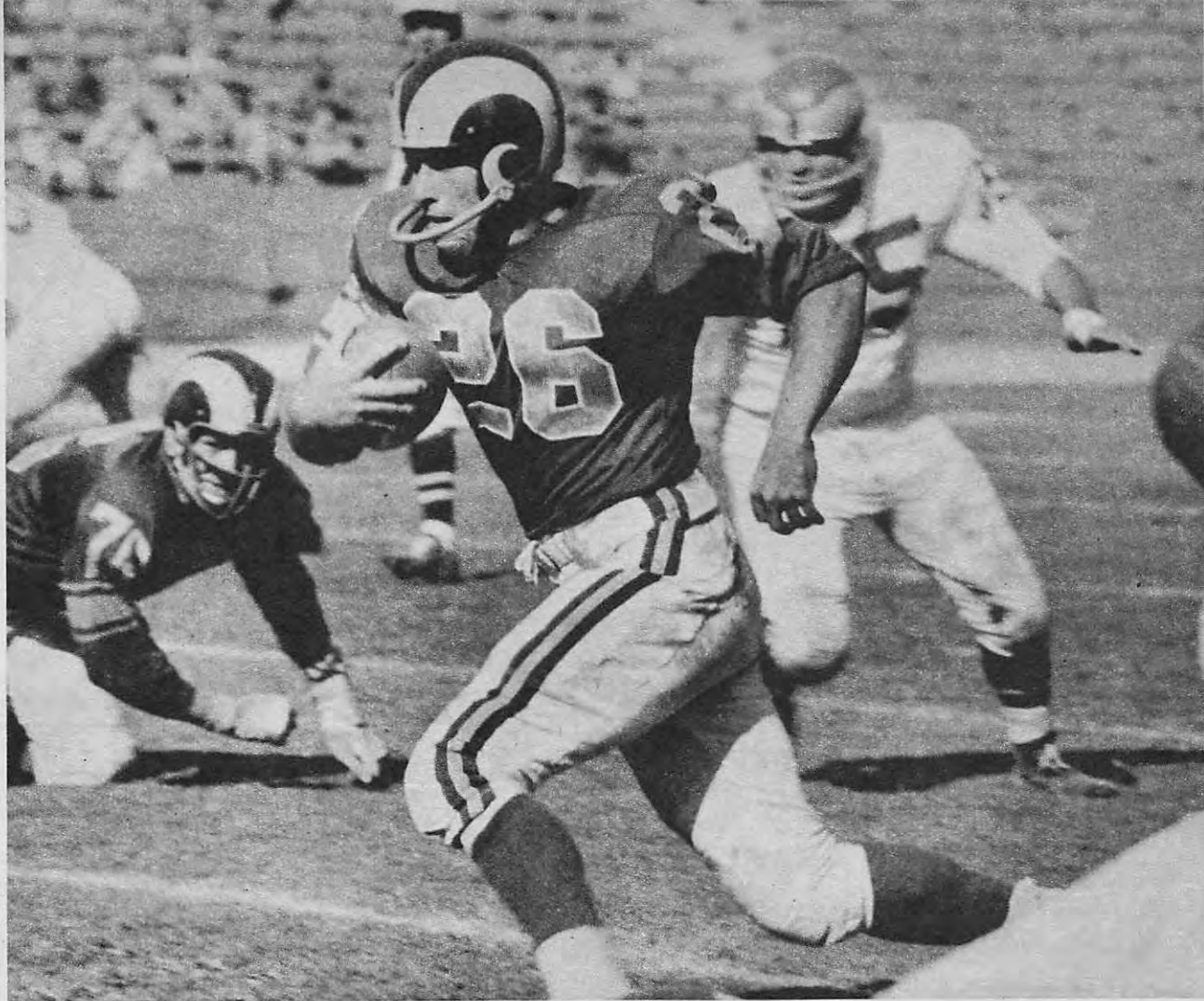
It didn't matter in '55 because Gilman was new to the pro league and took direction wherever he could find it, and the Rams did win the division title, a circumstance that breeds harmony. But the schism became apparent when Van Brocklin found himself a bench warmer a good part of '56, and the fact that the Dutchman returned to full-time duty last year didn't heal the breach. Gilman wanted the plays called one way; Van Brocklin called them another way. The feeling got so strong that Van announced his retirement in December. But it turned out to be a retirement only from Gilman, and he was peddled to the Eagles for two likely hands—tackle Buck Lunsford and defensive back Jimmy Harris.

Men who've played for Gilman as Rams are critical

of his football judgment, yet he had an out as long as Van Brocklin was running the show. Now it's a Gilman production all the way, and Sid faces several hazards.

Foremost among them is the complete reliance on Billy Wade at quarterback. The former Vanderbilt ace, in reserve for four seasons, has all the tools—except assurance in execution. Too often he'll get dumped while trying to make up his mind on a pass target. The plea used to be that he never got a chance. This didn't hold in '56, although there *was* always the shadow of Van Brocklin over him. If he doesn't prosper with sole responsibility, the Rams will have to hurry up the development program they have in mind for Frank Ryan, a nuclear physicist out of Rice who impressed Navy with his fireworks in the Cotton Bowl. Ryan has also done his quarterbacking in a shadow, that of King Hill, the bonus choice of the Cards. Southwest reports insist, however, that for sheer virtuosity as an offensive quarterback, Ryan was the top man in the area.

Despite the retirement of Elroy Hirsch, the redoubtable Crazylegs, the Rams have buoyed up their squad



Jon Arnett, above, high-stepping halfback, is looking to nail down his job this year, and stands a good chance of making it

as a whole, and they're further cheered by the fact that Tank Younger has decided to postpone his retirement. Traditionally, they skim off more cream in the draft than other clubs because of an amazingly exhaustive scouting system, and the excess of talent they accumulate leads to trades for future high-draft choices of other clubs. When a knee operation to John Hock threatened an imbalance in their offensive line, they went out and picked up Lansford and Kline Gilbert, the field captain of the Bears. Lou Michaels, a tackle terror for Kentucky, could be the rookie of the year as a linebacker (while his brother, Walt, holds down the same job for the Browns). Switching Del Shofner from the defensive secondary to offensive end may be the smartest move since someone got the idea Crazylegs Hirsch would look good on the flanks. After watching Shofner work with the College All-Stars last year, Otto Graham called him "the best pass-receiver I ever saw."

Besides the doubt about Wade, thinness at fullback and a troublesome secondary defense which will have to break in rookies are the Rams' major concern.

Also they will have to overcome the fact that 90,000 people turn out for exhibition games. This isn't sneered at by the guy who counts receipts, but it does make it tough on a team trying to prepare for the grueling 12-week pennant chase. The 90,000 come out to see the Rams exert themselves in a winning effort, so rather than using the exhibition season as a testing ground for talent, the Rams feel obligated to go with their best. By the time they come to the regular season opener, the boys start pooping out or fall prey to the mid-season slump that catches most clubs. And to top it off, the youngsters are too green to step in for the veterans.

The solution to this is proven depth, and the current Rams are well stocked in most cases. What teams can muster a quartet like Jon Arnett, Ron Waller, Tom Wilson, and Corky Taylor to share one halfback spot? Or six capable linebackers?

As was pointed out earlier, lack of talent has never plagued the Rams. So Los Angeles fans look elsewhere for excuses when their team hits the skids. Like in the direction of the coach, maybe.



George Halas

CHICAGO BEARS

The Chicago Bears needed Papa Bear, and back he came. But Papa needs more than just a stout heart to make all the Little Bears stop the feuding that was only one of the Bruins' problems during the grim '57 season

The stomach of George (Papa Bear) Halas just couldn't take the sight of all that massive talent, which had easily taken the Western Division crown for him in 1956, becoming the patsy of the league last autumn. Not even the addition of Willie Galimore, the most spectacular rookie in the league, could stop the descent. The defense couldn't be held to blame. While it had never been an object for admiration, even in the title campaign, at least it got no worse.

What did happen to the Bears was that they stopped moving the ball. The attack that had football experts conjuring up visions of the original 1941 Monsters of the Midway sputtered and died. Zeke Bratkowski, who was supposed to be a new and better Sid Luckman, couldn't make the transition from army service for half a season. The responsibility of leading the Bears taken away from him, Ed Brown was just another quarterback, sharing time. Galimore got racked up and flashed sporadically. Perry Jeter and Bobby Watkins, the other running threats, were hurt most of the time. Rick Casares, the Bears' best since Nagurski, just plumb wore out.

Once in a while, as in their late November victory over the champion Lions, 27-7, the Bears shook off their lethargy. But no one was afraid of them. Teams like Baltimore took them on with relish.

When a team goes downhill so suddenly, the time-honored tradition is to fire the coach. In this case, it was Paddy Driscoll, a long-time Halas aide who succeeded his boss for just two terms. Dissension within the coaching staff shortly turned out to be more than just a rumor. The situation called for a strong man and George Halas is that, if nothing else. The man who nursed the team from the original Decatur Staleys to the most distinguished franchise in professional football is more than able to douse any smoldering feuds.

Whether he can improve the performance on the field depends on the mileage he gets out of some new men. The Bears won't look the same when they line up this year, at least on the front line. Tackle Kline Gilbert was sent west to Los Angeles; guard Herm Clark isn't coming back, and Stan Jones, the other guard, is now a tackle. The rookies have a great chance — fellows like



Willie Galimore, left, backs up J. C. Caroline in the Bears' bid for the bacon this year; Jim Dooley, right, is an experienced end

Dick Klein, a full-grown specimen from Iowa, and Ted Karras, who matured in the Navy. Getting back tackles Bob Kilcullen and Willie Lee will help.

It may be impossible to keep Bob Jewett, unanimously endorsed in the Midwest, from taking over an end job, although Jim Dooley is no weak sister, and Harlon Hill, his shoulder break fully knitted, is ready to prove all over again that he's the most feared receiver in football. Before the shoulder injury, ball-hawking Harlon had been bothered by muscle pulls in his leg, but now he's ready to write off '57 as a bad memory that will vanish in a burst of long-gainers this year.

Bratkowski and Brown will do the throwing to Hill and company once more. Safety men don't dare minimize the threat of their strong right arms. Ed led the pro passers a couple of years ago, and the Bears still insist Zeke will go down as their finest field general.

One big change has been made in their backfield accompaniment. J. C. Caroline, the Illini flash, has been moved tentatively from the defense to the running half-back spot to take advantage of the power he can bring

to the job. Nothing wrong with Galimore, but the Bears feel he'd be better off as a spot player instead of having to carry the whole physical load. Where that leaves Jeter and Watkins is a problem, although it isn't known to what extent his medical duties will limit Dr. Bill McColl playing the slot. Casares gets a hand, too, with the arrival of Bo Dickinson, a Mississippi Southern hot-shot who can give Rick a breather here and there.

Doug Atkins' hopped-up performance as a defensive end last year promises to set a pace for the defense. Bill George is still as good a middle guard as anybody has a right to expect, and the linebacking gets a youthful injection from Chuck Howley, the No. 1 draftee from West Virginia. Chuck is an agile athlete who's been both wrestler and acrobat.

There's been some shuffling around in the secondary with the shift of Caroline. Getting Charley Sumner back from service is a benefit, plus the acquisition of Jesse Whittenton from the Rams in the Gilbert deal, but the biggest boon of all could be the return of Halas to the Bruins' coaching ranks.



Ray McLean

GREEN BAY PACKERS

McLean doesn't read the papers, so he doesn't know he's picked to finish last. Instead, he's relying on a strong, deep secondary and a crop of comers like Taylor, Currie, and Francis to give him a crack at the laurel

You get an idea of what the pros are up against when in the pre-season calculations of team strength a club like the Green Bay Packers is consigned to last place. Their lineup is speckled with men who could make a place for themselves on any roster in the NFL.

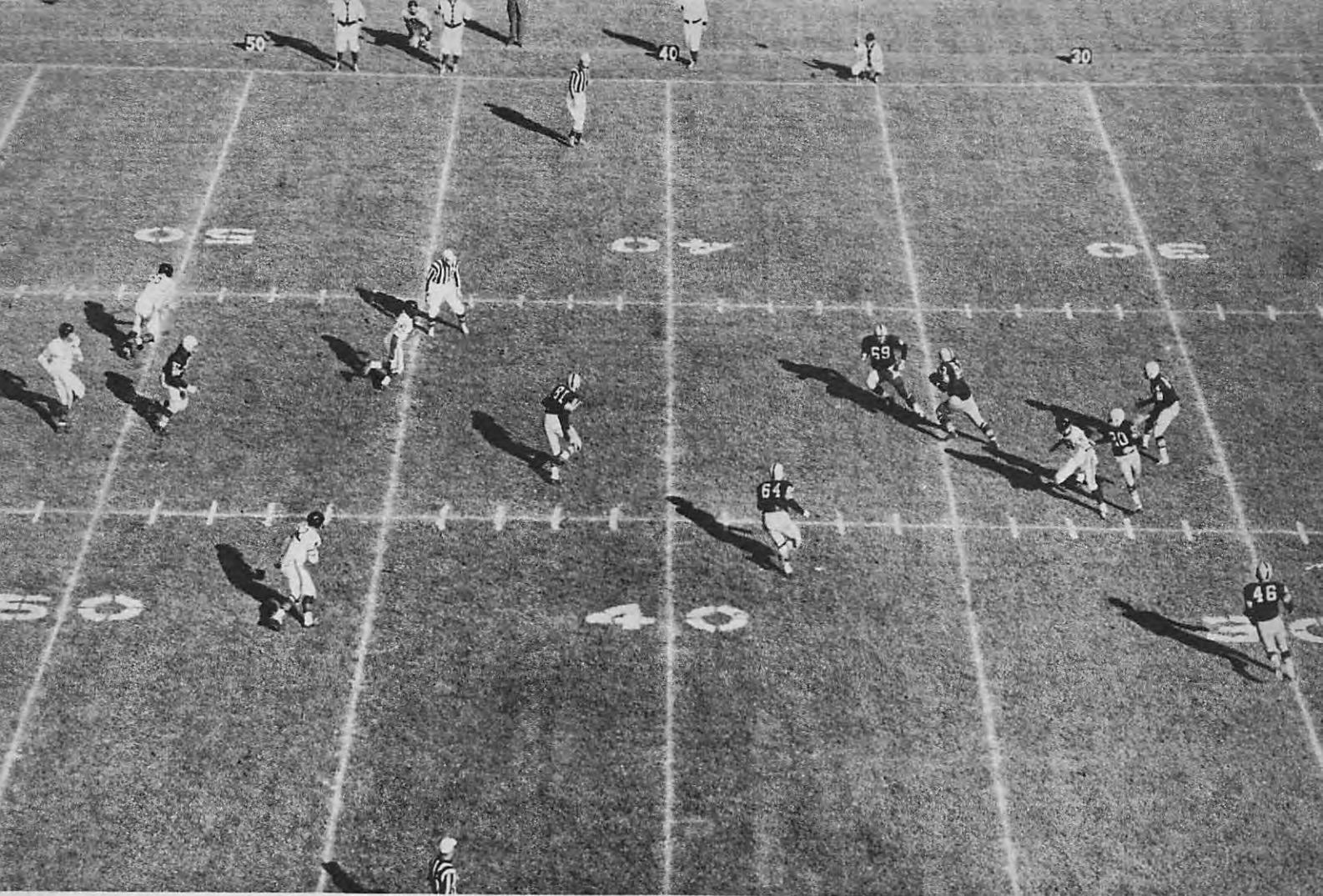
But what else can you do? Despite the local enthusiasm generated in little Green Bay, a spanking new stadium, and a reputation for exciting play, the Packers always seem to have things happen to them. Key men get hurt; rookies they release become good players elsewhere. Now they've got a new coaching staff headed by former Chicago Bear luminary Ray (Scooter) McLean which has yet to get its feet off the ground.

The Packers, like so many second-division teams, have in recent years, shaved off their top talent — men like Tobin Rote and Roger Zatkoff — in multiple-player deals aimed at building up their roster. The preponderant number of ex-Browns and ex-Lions in Green Bay, with their winning backgrounds, just might get the habit again, although it's like going from the Yankees to K.C. It takes about a year for the shock to wear off.

Certainly, you wouldn't want a better end contingent than they've mustered in Billy Howton, Max McGee and Gary Knafelc. They were fortunate enough to add huge Steve Meilinger from the Redskins, proportioned to make an ideal man in the slot, and useful for an inside block or to overload a sector as a pass threat. All this, of course, hinges on whether Ron Kramer will yield. The former Michigan all-everything had proved he was adapted to pro ball when a knee went out from under him in the late going, necessitating surgery in the off-season. If he's okay, the Packers will have a bonus threat.

All that receiving talent demands an accurate pitcher. Green Bay thinks it has the arm in Bart Starr, an Alabama boy who was somehow sloughed off by the pro scouts a few years ago. As a second-year campaigner in the pros, though, he hit the target in 54.4 per cent of his passes and has his best years still ahead of him. His support comes from Babe Parilli. The Babe gets hot every now and then, but by now his pro career, considering the buildup, must be considered disappointing.

In a pinch, Notre Dame's Paul Hornung could move



Linebacker Sam Palumbo (53) intercepts a pass and hotfoots it down the field for goal line in a game against Chicago Bears

behind the center again, but his future lies at fullback, where he surprised most of the other clubs. They didn't think he had the speed to do the job. Maybe he doesn't get off the mark like Bobby Morrow, but once his 220 pounds get rolling, big Hornung is as tough to pull down as a charging rhino in the underbrush. His passing threat on pitchouts is a valuable option.

For the outside running, Don McIlhenny is a handy guy to have around and is joined by Dick Christy, an outstanding first-year man from North Carolina State.

They'll get sufficient blocking on the line if guards like Joe Skibinski and Jim Salsbury can avoid injury. The return of Forrest Gregg from service helps plenty. Jim Ringo at center last year was an All-Star.

The defensive line will be the big experiment. The addition of J. D. Kimmel from the Skins, Ray Krouse from the Lions and Len Ford from the Browns, to go with holdovers Dave Hanner and Jerry Helluin, insures a front-line quartet averaging more than 250 pounds a man. They are all well seasoned, if a bit slow.

It's hoped that an improving array of linebackers will

cover up such speed deficiencies as exist. Tom Bettis, Sam Palumbo, Bill Forester and Carlton Massey are all fine performers. Best of the back-line lot, if he's needed there, could be Dan Currie, a black-haired giant from Michigan State who was as good a lineman as performed in college football in 1957. Currie also can work guard or center on offense.

The Packer deep secondary has always been distinguished by its ability to intercept passes, chiefly because Bobby Dillon has been its leader the last half-dozen years. The one-eyed Texan gets better with the years. In '57 a rookie with the same knack, John Symank, joined the deep defenders. Henry Gremminger, Billy Kinard and Veryl Switzer provide depth.

This discussion doesn't take into account others of the rookie brigade — Jimmy Taylor, the best fullback to come out of the South, Joe Francis, a hula-hipped Hawaiian from Oregon State, and fullback Ray Nitschke of Illinois. Like the varsity, their specifications measure up to pro standards.

Come to think of it, Green Bay might not finish last.

CLEVELAND BROWNS

NEW YORK GIANTS

WASHINGTON REDSKINS

PITTSBURGH STEELERS

CHICAGO CARDS

PHILADELPHIA EAGLES

EASTERN DIVISION

The breather that the Cleveland Browns took from their perennial top perch in 1956 was only temporary, and last year found them leading the league as usual.

But some experts reckon that that was only because the rest of the division wasn't up to snuff. Since they still haven't found a fully tested QB, the Browns will have to fight off a new bid by the solidly stocked Giants. There's some happy stomping by the Skins down Washington way with their flashy backfield. But the big excitement in the East is generated by a brace of Western emigres—Buddy Parker, who coached the Pittsburgh Steelers into respectability last year, and Norm Van Brocklin, who jacks up the Eagles at QB. The Cards, under their new coach, Pop Ivy, are a mystery

Cleveland will try to stay on top this year with the help of backs like Chet Hanulak, shown here taking a spill in a 30-30 tie game against Washington







Paul Brown

CLEVELAND BROWNS

Paul Brown's been making Cleveland happy for a long time. As early Christmas presents, the masterly coach would like the QB question settled, a few holes in the defense plugged, and reassurance on Jimmy Shofner

If there was ever any doubt about the coaching virtuosity of Cleveland's Paul Brown, the 1957 season should have taken care of it. This was the man they said couldn't get along without Otto Graham, his ace quarterback for more years than either Graham or Brown would like to count. But last year, Brown switched a rookie halfback to full, upped an almost discarded quarterback to the starting team, and parlayed the combination into an Eastern Division championship.

This was the eleventh time in 12 years that the Browns have topped their sector. Cleveland may be losing interest in its baseball Indians, but the fans who root the football heroes home are as staunch as ever. They feel, and they're right, that the fact that Detroit flattened their Browns scarcely detracts from the latter's performance. Besides, not even Coach Paul could claim that the 1957 squad had been an ideally balanced team.

Faced with a gaping hole at quarterback when Graham departed in '55, Brown then took a former Illini, Tommy O'Connell, in hand, after O'Connell had been cut loose by the Bears. Turned him into a better than

average quarterback, too. But in '57, O'Connell was hobbled by an ankle sprain, and proved so useless in the championship game that he returned to Illinois as a grid assistant and left pro ball behind him. Now Brown was right back where he'd started.

The New York Giants had reason to think differently, however, when Cleveland came up with Milt Plum one fine afternoon; the Penn Stater was the key to 34 big points. Despite this, the Browns wonder if he's as good as he's looked in spots. If he can't fill the Graham boots, Mr. B. may have another quarterback whiz in Michigan State draftee Jim Ninowski. Pro scouts were astounded by Ninowski's passing marksmanship in Senior Bowl workouts, although he sloughed off in the actual game.

About converted fullback Jimmy Brown (right about here, a Jones boy would be a relief) there is no doubt. He made the most impressive debut in league ball-carrying history, gaining both rookie and MVP honors. Not since Alan Ameche, now with the Colts, has a first-year man led the NFL in ground gaining. Muscular Jimmy figures to travel a lot farther than Ameche because he's



Far left, Milt Plum, young QB, who'll try to nail down the job for good this year. Left, Preston Carpenter, ex-HB who's proved a wow at end. Below, Lou Groza, the long-time (13 years) tackle, thought by some to have the most effective kicking toe in the history of the game

bigger and faster. He's like Marion Motley, the great Brown fullback of a few years ago, when he performed on the draw play, which is an integral part of the Browns' offense. In this maneuver, the fullback delays, is slipped the ball as the QB fades back, presumably to pass, and shoots up the middle through a sucked-in defense.

Despite his impressive statistics, Jimmy was not the four-star gee-whiz that the clippings made him out to be. This was simply because it takes time for a guy to get the hang of blocking on pass protection and other intricacies of the Wing-T offense. But, in J. Brown's case, the brute potential is there to make him one of the all-time best.

That takes care of the offense, since the other nine positions are in the hands of seasoned veterans like Mike McCormack, Darrell Brewster, and Lou Groza. Groza, incidentally, is the only original Brown still on the payroll after the team's 13-year life span. Even if Lou never got into a play as offensive tackle he'd be worth his keep for the most effective kicking toe in football history.

The defense, crux of the team's strength down through the years, gave cause for alarm for the first time in the

59-14 defeat by the Lions last year. The Lion receivers showed how those deep defenders could be beaten.

To Paul Brown's credit, he's been smart enough not to let his teams deteriorate from old age. Performance, not sentiment, keeps a man on his squad. So, from time to time, the old boys are discarded to give the kids a chance to show what they can do. A Len Ford gets a little less spry and goes to the Packers while he's still feared as a defensive end. That's because Paul Wiggin is almost as big and strong, and if not as play-wise, much faster.

It was amazing how many rookies like Wiggin, Jimmy Brown, and Plum caught on in key spots last year. There were also Bill Quinlan, a mountainous defensive end, and Vince Costello, an unknown from Ohio U, who stepped into the vital middle-guard role. More than anyone else, Costello was responsible for the stone wall the Browns threw up against the opposition during the regular season. The newcomer to watch this fall is Jimmy Shofner, a versatile back from Texas Christian. He has the speed to step into the defensive secondary if the newfound flaws in the deep defense persist.



Jim Lee Howell

NEW YORK GIANTS

The Giants aren't about to give the lie to all the rave notices from 1956, and, going after another triumph, they'll rely on the old pros, with starry eyes for ex-GI Grier and 23-year-old Sam Huff

A veteran Giant sat in Toots Shor's. He stared into his coffee cup and mused, "You know, they couldn't touch us if we had the big quarterback, like Graham or Layne.

"I'm not knocking Charley or Don. They've done a helluva job for us, especially when we won in '56. But if we had the big threat in key spots, with our running, it'd be no contest."

Essentially, the New York story in '58 is to try to make it with most of the same stars that muscled to the top two years ago, mainly because no better ones have shown up. To be sure, there have been changes, but starting with the T-pilots, Charley Conerly and Don Heinrich, the key figures are still around.

The Giants are gambling they can continue to get mileage out of Conerly's unfaltering but aging (37) arm, and that Heinrich's erratic passing steadies as his field leadership has done. Tom Dublinski, the Lion who fled to Canada, arrived at summer camp in Salem, Oregon, with a bad knee history, but there's always Bobby Clatterbuck, the perennial third-stringer. Hardly an array of awe-inspiring T-magicians.

Instead, the Giants beat you to death on the ground. That means that Frank Gifford—if Hollywood doesn't become too big a lure—and Alex Webster—if he can avoid ear infections—have to lug the ball with the zip and ruggedness that give the Giants ball control when they're right. And Mel Triplett will have to forget he was racked up early last season and deliver the key blocks.

If Triplett falls apart, the Giants have an out with the drafting of Phil King, a one-sixteenth Indian who was, of course, dubbed "The Chief." He checks in from Vanderbilt at 225 pounds, but runs with the wind. He can go at half or full.

The old end triumvirate of Kyle Rote, Bob Schnelker and Ken McAfee gets company in Dorne Dibble, who was picked up from Detroit in the hope he can regain the touch that made him a featured member of Lion title teams. He languished most of last season on the bench. However, none of these is a Harlon Hill who could break open a game on one play. A rawboned kid from West Texas named Don Maynard, who sparkled in the Senior Bowl, has that sort of potential because of his superb



At left, long-time star Frank Gifford comes around his right end, while below, Em Tunnell intercepts a pass intended for the Redskins in a game the Giants took, 28-14. At right, Andy Robustelli, the dependable end, recovers a fumble. Giants' 1958 season depends largely on seasoned stars like these



bursts of speed, and training as a halfback. Moreover, he knows what to do after he breaks into the open.

Core of the interior line is all-pro Rosy Brown, all-pro Ray Wietecha, and Jack Stroud, who rates the same sort of mention. The Giants went into the latter stages of training concentrating on a husky rookie crop numbering such behemoths as Frank Youso and Dick Day. They want a tackle to fill Dick Yelvington's old spot, but know that Stroud could always be switched there. That would leave a problem at guard, but a coach has got to have a few of these to earn his keep.

When the troubles do start to pile up on Jim Lee Howell, he switches his thought control to defense and lights up. On paper, the Giants haven't been so solidly stacked in his four-year tenure. Getting Roosevelt Grier back from service was just the start—some start, too, considering the 275-pounder can be just about the best defensive lineman in football. His return frees Jim Katcavage for end duty opposite Andy Robustelli.

The added bonus was acquiring Lindon Crow from the Cards to shore up the secondary, and Pat Summerall

as an extra end who can placekick with the very best.

For a couple of years now the Giant secondary, which has covered adequately, has been downgraded because it failed to snap its share of interceptions, a valuable weapon in a game that stresses possession. Crow, it should be noted, led the NFL in that department two years ago. He slumped last year, but was unhappy with the Cardinals. At the peak age of 26, he should give the Giants some of the best backline play in the game. And the others—Emlen Tunnell, Jim Patton and Ed Hughes—might take his cues in nabbing off passes.

The linebacking corps is solid with Bill Svoboda and Harlan Svare on the flanks and Sam Huff roaming the middle. From a year's experience in Canada comes Donnie Caraway, a Houston product tabbed for roughness, who happens also to be an adept punter.

Essential in the Giant setup is the increasing enthusiasm for them in a New York area that has lost two-thirds of its baseball and has virtually no college football. Since the move to Yankee Stadium, the Giants have gotten that big-league feeling—and play like it.



Joe Kuharich

WASHINGTON REDSKINS

George Marshall is mellowing, and this leaves coach Joe Kuharich free to worry about the health of his boys Stanfel and Stephens, as well as a few holes in defense. If he can pick up a lineman, he may not have to worry at all

Redskin prexy George Preston Marshall must be getting mellow. Nowadays you can hardly spot him on the bench, let alone catch him trying to tell coach Joe Kuharich how to run the team. And this after the Skins barely managed to falter into fourth place with a 5-6-1 mark for the season.

Moreover, Marshall hasn't fired a coach in five years, even though Washington has hardly been setting the league on fire with winning streaks. As a vote of confidence, Kuharich, who has been approached by many leading colleges with job offers, received an unprecedented new five-year contract, beginning with the '58 season. And, strange as it seems, even Joe's assistants have three-year pacts.

All is serene. The Skins need only a few more wins for once-truculent Marshall to get his Dale Carnegie diploma. It could happen.

The Redskins gave opponents fits last year with one of the finest rookie backfield trios in the history of the league. Jim Podoley and Ed Sutton at the halves and Don Bosseler at full — were all sizable, fast, hard-

hitting runners and capable pass-receivers. Now that they've served their apprenticeship, they'll be more difficult than ever to contain, because fronting them is the best blocking in the East.

Six of the seven front-liners are back this year, with either Tom Braatz or Joe Walton slated to fill the vacant right-end position once held by Steve Meilinger, traded to the Packers. Guards Dick Stanfel and Red Stephens are wonderfully efficient play leaders, sandwiching Jim Schrader as a top-flight blocker. Tackles Don Boll and Ray Lemek are in the same class. On the left flank Johnny Carson is probably the most underrated end in the entire league.

Smashing Eddie LeBaron, the Little Magician from College of the Pacific, is still at the quarterback reins after five seasons of risking his meager 165 pounds against the 250-pound bruisers of the NFL. His knee sound again, Eddie had a good '57 campaign, ranking second among the league's passers.

The critics claim LeBaron will never win you a championship, despite his clever ball handling and acceptable



Joe Scudero gets three yards before the Cardinals' Brettschneider tosses him out of bounds in one of five Redskin wins in '57

throwing, because his lack of height is too great a handicap before that wall of mountainous pass rushers; he can't see over them, and the overall offensive planning must be tailored to his roll-outs. Kuharich, though, swears by him.

However, if Ralph Guglielmi, the former Notre Dame hot-shot, is able to draw his release from the Air Force in time to rejoin the Skins, stacking the defenses for Le-Baron won't work. Ralph showed in his one season before service that his daring quarterback style will work against the pros, too. Still around is Rudy Bukich, one of those guys with a good arm who hangs on in a lineup for years waiting for the chance to prove himself a star. He might get it this time.

Of more importance to Redskin planning is what to do about rebuilding the defense that broke down spasmodically a year ago. Injuries worked a severe handicap in '57. Now that they've traded away their best defensive tackles, the big recruits must carry the load. These are Will Renfro, Ed Khayat and Don Owens, none of whom draw ecstatic words from the opposition. In fact, at

least a couple of the coaches in the East anticipate finding holes in that defensive line that'll make their backs look like hot-rodders on a freeway.

The two solid men in the Redskin defense are Gene Brito, a spectacular defensive end, and Chuck Drazenovich, a tough middle guard. Together, they have 14 years' experience. Not much gets by either of them. Together, they're a pair to be reckoned with in any man's football league.

Other clubs are still puzzled by the trade of Meilinger, a coveted offensive end. However, the Redskins have big hopes for safety Doyle Nix, a service returnee they got in exchange. Reports have it that he was sensational in service ball. John Petitbon, another defensive halfback who figured in the same deal, has sustaining value. The secondary did need plugging.

Of the rookie contingent, Bill Anderson, an end-halfback from Tennessee, has the best chance to produce immediate results.

The off-season word from the old pros was to watch out for a Washington uprising.



Buddy Parker

PITTSBURGH STEELERS

Buddy Parker's sleight-of-hand, now familiar to Steeler fans, will be put to the test this year, with losses in McPeak, O'Neill, and Nickel, and a few more jobs up for grabs. But the bet here is he'll pull the rabbit out of the hat

When Art Rooney, the owner of the Pittsburgh Steelers, talked Buddy Parker, former Detroit coach, into emerging from his self-imposed retirement in Texas to take over the staggering Steelers, he made one stipulation: that Parker keep himself under wraps. As a result of this news blackout, fans in the smoggy city didn't know much about him. What did filter through was misleading and not immediately reassuring. The stream of talent ran in and out of Pittsburgh so fast in the early fall of '57 that any player around long enough for a fast cup of coffee was considered a veteran.

A lot of Parker's wheeling and dealing—like telling Lynn Chandois, the old standby, that he had nothing left to offer, or peddling Rooney-favorite Bob Ganna—didn't make much apparent sense, but if Buddy learned one thing during his long exposure to the pros, it was spotting the elements that would turn up winning combinations in the toughest of all football circles.

He had to get a quarterback—not just a reject from another club, but a potential star—and the Forty-Niners had Earl Morrall sitting around as an untested spare.

When Parker had been coaching Detroit, he'd seen enough of Morrall at Michigan State to convince him that Morrall had the pro tools. The price was high—first draft choices and a fine linebacker in Marv Matuszak—but the result was an early season flush of victories that sparked an interest, all but dead, in the Pittsburgh operation.

The year under fire benefited Morrall, but he's no cinch to remain at the controls of Parker's T-formation. Also on the Steeler roster is a lithe young man out of Purdue, Len Dawson, who got a brief shot as starting QB, and convinced Parker he has star potential too. As Parker sees it, Morrall, fine in the sparking position for a mediocre team, can take a merciless pounding, but Dawson, a frailer type, has the greater finesse to ornament a more consistently reliable team. Still a third possibility is Jack Kemp of little Occidental, who, while still an unknown factor, has been touted by some as potentially the best passer in the camp.

Parker has played juggler with the rest of the roster too, switching Willie McClung from defense to offense, solidifying Jack McClairen as a slot back, picking up



Frank Varrichione, left, seems a solid bet for offensive tackle, while Earl Morrall, right, and Len Dawson, below, will slug it out for the quarterback slot



offensive guards from other teams so that John Nisby (ex-Packer) and Mike Sandusky (ex-Forty-Niner) are now the backbone of his line. Eventually, order came out of the hodgepodge, and the Steelers finished third with an even .500 average.

The possible flaw in all this rebuilding is that Parker sacrificed some of the Steelers' future in the interest of strengthening the team quickly. As a result, the 1958 draft was undistinguished. Altogether, the Steelers went in hock to five different clubs for 12 draft choices in the 1958 and 1959 rounds. Larry Krutko, a West Virginia fullback who never rated main headlines but played close enough to Steelertown for a minute examination of his talents, was the prize pick. With veteran Fran Rogel sliced from the roster after eight seasons, the line-pounding job he used to hold is vacant.

Other key rookies are expected to be Bill Krisher, Oklahoma's explosive guard, Dick Lasse, a linebacker from Syracuse, and Mike Henry, a mammoth tackle from Southern California who figures as a defensive end. With the turnover of talent erasing such familiar names as

Bill McPeak and Elbie Nickel, and still others like Ernie Stautner and Dale Dodrill on the lee side of their long careers, employment opportunities were never better.

If, by some miracle, Lowell Perry could recover from the crushed pelvis that bedded him two years ago, and Art Davis shows his gimpy knee is durable, the Steelers would have exciting possibilities. Both figure as potential receivers on the flanks. Perry also returns punts and Davis has been a celebrated ball carrier. In addition, they're both lightning fast and slippery.

The Steelers need some extra spark to match their new home, the Pitt Stadium. Like the Philadelphia Eagles, they've invaded the college campus, and the new arena figures to draw larger crowds than outmoded Forbes Field. This should cheer both the owners and players, but it will take more than that to make the fans ecstatic. Their reaction is important to both the owner and the pilot, since they fill the coffers and spark the team. In Parker's case, Rooney's faith must be backed by fan enthusiasm, and this last can only be determined by the way Buddy-boy operates in the clutch.



Frank "Pop" Ivy

CHICAGO CARDS

Frank Ivy's work is cut out for him. It will take more than Matson and Crow to make the lethargic Chicago fans start cheering, which is one of the reasons the Cards are still thinking of moving the franchise to Texas

A definite cowboy flavor pervades the Southsiders, starting with incoming coach Frank "Pop" Ivy, a product of Oklahoma. The quarterback who's been carrying the load, Lamar McHan, played his college football in the Southwest Conference at Arkansas. A half dozen other dependables are products of the same area. Even West Coaster Ollie Matson, the Cards' continual big threat, was born in Trinity, Texas, and lived in Houston.

So if the Chicago Cardinals are headed for Texas one of these years, as reported, they're going about it right. Drafting Lone Star heroes like King Hill and John David Crow will certainly win the Southwest fans when and if the Cards make the switch.

Houston came very close to landing the Texas franchise last winter. Only General Manager Walter Wolfner's insistence on remaining in the front office balled up the deal. Now the move is a question of time. The other clubs in the NFL are getting tired of playing Chicago's second-string team (the Bears are the favorite sons) and losing money (up to \$20,000) in the one weak spot of an otherwise lush era for professional football.

The affinity to the Southwest has its hazards, however, because the talent coming out of that sector in recent seasons hasn't been up to pro standards. King Hill, a bonus baby, would rather forget about Navy and the Cotton Bowl. Fortunately, the Rice All-American is geared to play positions other than quarterback. John Crow was less than great in the 'Gator Bowl, but the Texas Aggie, who was the 1957 Heisman Award winner, is one of those can't-miss guys. His versatility on offense or defense is an asset, too.

Pop Ivy has been operating in Canada the last four years at Edmonton, where he won three Gray Cups and was beaten in the playoffs for a fourth. However, he is not a complete stranger to the Chicago operation. He was a fine Cardinal end for six years, and then, as a coach under Bud Wilkinson at Oklahoma, got a taste of winning. He's already started getting reacquainted with the American game and analyzing the talent by intensive off-season study of movies of the pro games.

What he saw couldn't have been too encouraging. The Cards were really dismal last year after having been



built up as the strong challenger in the East. Ivy has to inject a bit of new life into some of the older war-horses in the Card lineup. They've been taking their lumps for the last few years without any real inspiration (except, of course, their pay checks).

Ivy must also discover a way to keep McHan playing at the brilliant level he hits only occasionally. Around the league it's no secret that the Cards have been in dire need of offensive linemen, and the retirement of Jack Jennings was a further setback.

Aggravations pile up on a loser. Max Boydston lost two toes in a power-mower accident over the summer just when it appeared that the former Oklahoma All-American was heading for a possible All-Pro slot-back spot. Then, the Cards had to peddle Lindon Crow to the Giants to get some return on their investment, since he was unhappy in Chicago pads and might have quit. Dave Mann, the punter, took off for Canada.

While the presence of proven material buttresses the Cards' prospects, the key men will have to come up with big seasons. Matson has to find the running groove that

makes him, even now, the most dangerous threat in the game. On a lackluster day against the Giants he broke away for two long gainers in the second half that had the New Yorkers reeling. They barely pulled out a game in which they led by 28-7 at the half.

For some reason the Cards have never fully exploited Matson as a pass-receiver. You can't afford to guard him one-on-one, and overloading him in the secondary leaves an alley for the other receivers like Gern Nagler and Woodley Lewis.

The Cards, who lost nine in '57, were plagued as much by a defensive collapse as by a stuttering attack. With essentially the same lineup, they can't be any worse, and the addition of one man — possibly John Crow — to the deep secondary can jack up the entire team performance. Dick Nolan from the Giants ought to make up for the loss of Lindon Crow. The other big problem is to find a defensive end among the rookies or reserve tackles.

So Frank Ivy isn't taking over any stand-pat squad. The Texas move, important as it is, is minor compared with the problem Pop faces in building a winner.



Lawrence (Buck) Shaw

PHILADELPHIA EAGLES

Van Brocklin's back, and Buck Shaw's got him. Philly fans think the Dutchman may add enough zip to the team so that the Eagles can take the Eastern title, but they wish there was a receiver around who liked scrapple

The way most of the pro teams operate, coaching a winner is a 12-month business — six to get the job done on the field, six more to prepare for the play. But the Philadelphia Eagles, though as diligent as the rest, are going to try a different approach.

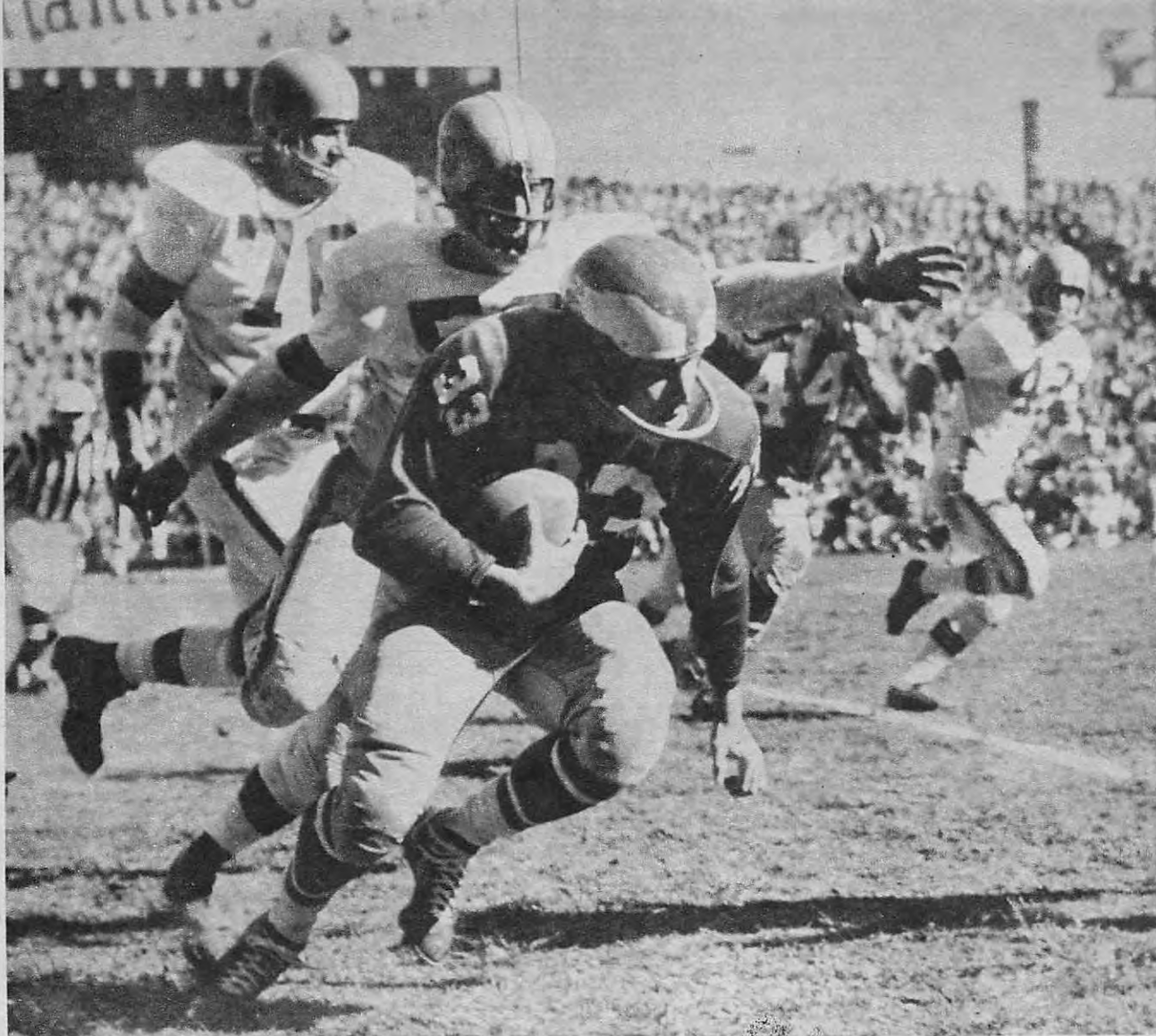
They hired Lawrence (Buck) Shaw, the venerable Gray Eagle, to pull them out of their last-place quagmire. The Philly top brass was impressed by the job Buck did in making the Forty-Niners perennial contenders. And, because Buck likes living in California, they've agreed that he'll be around Philadelphia only when the boys are actually stretching their muscles. The Eagles are willing to settle for this, since they can hardly be worse off than they are now. And they've got a couple of other things going for them, too.

The first is the biggest player coup of the off-season in landing Norm Van Brocklin from the Rams. The Dutchman had made it plain that he was retiring—but only from playing for Los Angeles. The Eagles stepped into the trade with a bundle of talent, and it'll be well worth it if Van keeps his health. More than one NFL

coach thinks that in a man-to-man stack-up of talent, Norm stands ahead of every quarterback in the game for throwing power, kicking and mental agility. Given his choice, he would have preferred going to Pittsburgh or New York, but the idea of playing for respected Buck Shaw brought him into the Philly fold.

Van alone, to stress the importance of a good quarterback, makes the Eagles an intriguing gamble to grab off the Eastern title. Logy Philly will play exciting football whenever he's at the controls, because to him the unexpected is the norm. He'll also know how to capitalize on the squadron of hard-running backs the Eagles have accumulated the past couple of years—Bill Barnes and Clarence Peaks, augmented by rookies Walt Kowalczyk and Mel Dillard.

The other boost for the Eagles is less tangible. It comes from switching their home locale from Connie Mack Stadium to Franklin Field, with the University of Pennsylvania their landlord. Aside from this easily acquired Ivy League respectability, there's the material benefit to the front office from more and better seating.



In a 17-7 upset against Cleveland, Philadelphia's Bill Barnes carries for an 8-yard gain as Warren Lahr attempts to stop him

The Penn oval is tailored for football, except for the sports writers who risk coronaries every time they scale the heights to the press box. The total attendance boost may even be translated into improved play, since enthusiasm is a stimulant. Besides, any big lug of a tackle, say, can look up at the stands and figure the increased attendance as a good excuse for an end-of-the-season raise—if he really puts out on the field.

There are some major flaws in this cozy picture, since the Eagles don't have the beef to fill certain positions acceptably. To get Van Brocklin, they had to give up their best offensive lineman, Buck Lunsford. Right now they could use five like him.

Now that they've got Van Brocklin, it would be nice if he had someone to throw to. There are some candidates. Bobby Walston, the Georgia sheriff, has been slipping the shackles of pass defenders for a good number of years. The best new source of help is Andy Nacrelli, who saw football buried at Fordham, but not on his account. He has the sure hands of a top-flight receiver. Another of the Eagles' trump cards is Tommy

McDonald, the zippy Oklahoma flash who was given a fling at end last season. He didn't have time enough to get acclimated for positive results. On paper, he has the attributes—speed and agility in the open. It's true you won't get much blocking from him, but nobody expects opera from a disc jockey, either.

The defense is fairly stationary (both in makeup and movement), except for the return from service of Bob Pellegrini, the Maryland All-American with a linebacking gift. The keystone remains Charley Bednarik, who had a '57 revival at the age of 32, and must be reckoned one of the prime defenders in the game. The steeds up front, none scaling under 250, don't let much get by them—if it passes within a couple of yards. With them, lack of speed is the rub. On the asset side, the Eagles have a pair of standouts at the peak of their careers: Tom Scott and Jerry Norton. Scott has moved back deftly from an end post to a corner linebacking position. Norton, death on punt returns, gets a lot of respect as a deep defender.

In fact, increased respect for the Eagles is general.

DETROIT
LIONS

OFFENSE	NAME	COMMENTS
E	Doran, Jim Middleton, Dave Junker, Steve Rychlec, Tom	Doran acts like he's just getting his second wind. He'll need it to stay ahead of Middleton. And on the other side Junker is one of the comers. RATING—good.
T	Creekmur, Lou Russell, Ken Glass, Bill Meredith, Dudley	Lions have so much hope for Glass that Ane's back at center. If needed, Russell is figured ready for full duty. Creekmur is impregnable. RATING—good.
G	Sewell, Harley Campbell, Stan Gordy, John Ottun, Harold	Lions do so much blasting on ground because Sewell sweeps clean. Campbell, backed by Gordy, makes it a fine 1-2 punch. RATING—very good.
C	Ane, Charley Gatski, Frank Cunningham, Leon	Ane in normal position again is the best friend a quarterback ever had. His backing is good. RATING—excellent.
Q	Layne, Bobby Rote, Tobin Reichow, Gerry	Layne, ankle healed, says he can do it again if Rote will give him the chance. RATING—very good.
H	Cassady, Howard Gedman, Gene Tracy, Tom Lewis, Danny	Hopalong may become a wing or slot back since Gedman and Tracy do so well running with the ball, and later can play fullback. Watch Lewis. RATING—fair.
F	Johnson, John Henry Loftin, Jim	Johnson gives Lions blocking-bucking punch. RATING—good.
SYSTEM—Wing and slot T. Player losses—fb Leon Hart, e Dorne Dibble. STRENGTH—Rote proved he has the stuff, as well as championship poise. WEAKNESS—Bobby Layne's comeback uncertain, possible tackle loophole. RATING—good.		

SAN
FRANCISCO
FORTY-NINERS

OFFENSE	NAME	COMMENTS
E	Conner, Clyde Wilson, Billy Dugan, Fred Soltau, Gordie	Must be nice to have McElhenny to jack up your flank and yet not need him there because Conner and Wilson are tops. RATING—very good.
T	St. Clair, Bob Cross, Bobby Krueger, Charley Williams, Pete	When St. Clair and Cross shove their huge frames in front of a tackler, he ain't moving. They give Tittle time to pass. RATING—very good.
G	Bosley, Bruce Connolly, Ted Palatella, Lou Manoukian, Don	This is the weak spot in Forty-Niner attack. Bosley is best of the lot and Connolly's no cipher, but injury to either means trouble. RATING—fair.
C	Morze, Frank Troutman, George	Morze has the size—maybe too much of it; tailed off last year. RATING—fair.
Q	Brodie, John Tittle, Y. A.	Off '57 record, Tittle could mean a title. And Brodie's itching. RATING—excellent.
H	McElhenny, Hugh Owens, R. C. Woodson, Abe Pace, Jim	McElhenny and Owens, good as they are, will really have to roll, because rookies Woodson and Pace have potential lightning. RATING—very good.
F	Babb, Gene Perry, Joe	This year Perry becomes the all-time pro ground gainer. RATING—good.
SYSTEM—Slot T. PLAYER LOSSES—hb Joe Arenas. STRENGTH—Y. A. Tittle never better, Brodie improving, fine ends. WEAKNESS—backfield aging, more guards needed. RATING—very good.		

BALTIMORE
COLTS

OFFENSE	NAME	COMMENTS
E	Mutscheller, Jim Berry, Ray Womble, Royce Walters, Les	Zeal made Berry and Mutscheller the most improved wings in NFL in '57, and they'll keep working. One more speeder would help. RATING—good.
T	Parker, Jim Diehl, John Jackson, Ken Preas, George Yelvington, Dick	One year, and Parker is already pegged as among best in the West. Preas looked adequate until illness sidelined him, so Colts got Yelvington, ex-Giant; can also use Jackson. RATING—good.
G	Myrha, Steve Peters, Floyd Sandusky, Alex Spinney, Art	Spinney may be most underrated blocker in NFL, the hub of Colts' running attack, and Sandusky has acquired savvy. Myrha can placekick. RATING—very good.
C	Nutter, Buzz Szymanski, Dick	Nutter's been such a surprise he might free Dick for defense. RATING—good.
Q	Unitas, John Shaw, George	Pros say hottest QB in '57 was Unitas. And Shaw's healthy. RATING—excellent.
H	Call, John Dupre, L. G. Lyles, Leonard Moore, Lenny	Moore-Dupre combo could play for anyone, and Moore can be game's most elusive back. Now they've got speedster Lyles. RATING—very good.
F	Ameche, Alan Pricer, Billy	You know Ameche can go for the extra yard or chew up tacklers. RATING—good.
SYSTEM—Wing T. PLAYER LOSSES—none. STRENGTH—good passing, running balance, qb depth. WEAKNESS—could use a tackle, speedboy at end. RATING—very good.		

DEFENSE	NAME	COMMENTS
E	McCord, Darris Cronin, Gene Perry, Gerry	McCord has matured nicely as defensive end, and Cronin, a dandy playmaker, is admirably scrappy. RATING—good.
T	Mains, Gil Miller, Bob Karras, Alex	Lions figured they could trade Krouse because of rookie Karras, who might shove Mains to end again. RATING—good.
MG	Schmidt, Joe Martin, Jim	Schmidt hasn't dispelled notion he's top defense man in NFL. RATING—excellent.
LB	Long, Bob Zatkoff, Roger Walker, Wayne Alderton, Gene	Getting Zatkoff, a polished linebacker, was a real coup in 1957, and Long is considered his equal. Nice reports on rookie Walker. RATING—good.
H	Karilivacz, Carl Lowe, Gary David, Jim Pfeifer, Ralph	Every team in the NFL envies the Detroit secondary, which starts with Karilivacz and David, who can defend passes, on the flanks. RATING—very good.
S	Lary, Yale Christiansen, Jack Barr, Terry Chaney, Claude	Christiansen must yield to all-around Lary, who does the team punting, but has had it rough holding a job. Terry Barr, a nifty soph. RATING—excellent.
PLAYER LOSSES—t Ray Krouse, lb Sonny Gandee. STRENGTH—Schmidt superb, secondary as great as ever. WEAKNESS—possible thinness at end and tackle. RATING—excellent.		

DEFENSE	NAME	COMMENTS
E	Henke, Ed Toneff, Bob Gonzaga, John Topping, Tom	The past disappointments of Toneff as end and linebacker were forgotten for his fine flank play, and teammate Henke can keep up with him. RATING—good.
T	Herchman, Bill Nomellini, Leo Schmidt, Henry Pell, Stuart	Just when everyone thought he was washed up, Nomellini had one of his best years. Herchman does a fine but methodical job, so he's relatively unknown. RATING—good.
MG	Rubke, Karl Powell, Charley	Playing Rubke here was master stroke. He'll get better, too. RATING—fair.
LB	Matuszak, Marv Hazzeltine, Matt Brueckman, Charley Morris, Dennit	The Steelers made the Forty-Niners' defense when they shipped Matuszak to the Coast. In lieu of another just like him, Hazzeltine fills in. RATING—good.
H	Stits, Bill Mills, Ron Atkins, Billy Ridlon, Jim	Mistakes here cost dearly in the crucial Lion playoff. Ridlon was a disappointment, but may come on. If not, rookie Mills could surprise. RATING—poor.
S	Holladay, Bob Moegle, Dickie Walker, Val Joe Hoppe, Bobby	Moegle is so great as a safety that they won't risk him on offense. All will be serene back there if Holladay and Walker stay healthy. RATING—very good.
PLAYER LOSSES—lb Paul Carr. STRENGTH—ends, tackles, Matuszak linebacking. WEAKNESS—the corner men could stand improvement; an extra linebacker would also help. RATING—fair.		

DEFENSE	NAME	COMMENTS
E	Marchetti, Gino Joyce, Don Braase, Ordell	Passers turned white at Marchetti's name last year, and a slimmed-down Joyce kept pace. RATING—very good.
T	Donovan, Art Lipscomb, Gene Owens, Luke Addison, Tommy	Big Donnie's not getting any younger and Big Daddy Lipscomb has turned out to be another of the Rams' trading mistakes—a big one. RATING—good.
MG	Patera, Jack Campanella, Joe	Patera deserves more credit for his in-and-out maneuvering. RATING—fair.
LB	Eggers, Doug Shinnick, Don Pellington, Bill Nicely, Joe	Look for Shinnick to become star linebacker, and it'll be nice to have rough Pellington back with his arm healed. Eggers is handy, too. RATING—good.
H	Taseff, Carl DeCarlo, Art Moore, Henry Nelson, Andy	Nelson, now broken in as a pro backliner, won't make the '57 mistakes. A healthy Taseff would ease worries. DeCarlo, Moore may help. RATING—fair.
S	Davis, Milt Stransky, Bob Brown, Ray	Deep middle is well protected since Davis has shown he'll steal passes with the best. RATING—very good.
PLAYER LOSSES—none. STRENGTH—bruising as ever up front, improved linebacking with Shinnick. WEAKNESS—vulnerable to deep pass; those linemen are getting old. RATING—fair.		

LOS ANGELES RAMS

OFFENSE	NAME	COMMENTS
E	Boyd, Bobby Clarke, Leon Lundy, Lamar Shofner, Del Phillips, Jimmy	Rams can afford to lose even Hirsch by moving Shofner to flank, where he could be great. Boyd retains speed; Clarke and Lundy (who'll play slot) have overpowering size. RATING—very good.
T	Fry, Bob Panfil, Ken Gilbert, Kline Bradshaw, Charles	Getting Gilbert from Bears was big boost to offense. If Fry and Panfil play up to form, he could even be spared for guard. Bradshaw's big. RATING—fair.
G	Putnam, Duane Hock, John Houser, John Lansford, Buck	Putnam has no peers. Hock may be slowing up, but getting Lansford was a boon and Gilbert has speed to pull out of the line, too. RATING—very good.
C	Griffin, Bob Morrow, John	Griffin, who did job last year, and Morrow will fight it out. RATING—fair.
Q	Wade, Billy Ryan, Frank	Wade will get a chance to play his fill after four years' wait. RATING—poor.
H	Arnett, Jon Taylor, Corky Waller, Ron Wilson, Tom	Who has four men like these to play one position (the other HB spot is taken care of by slot-man Lundy)? So Wilson might back up at FB. RATING—very good.
F	Marconi, Joe Cothren, Paige	Younger leaves a gap. Marconi is coming on, but needs relief. RATING—fair.
SYSTEM—Slot T. PLAYER LOSSES—Norm Van Brocklin, Tank Younger, Elroy Hirsch. STRENGTH—no finer or faster set of halfbacks, good receivers, Putnam a blocking ace. WEAKNESS—big question at qb—can Wade do it? Thin at fb. RATING—fair.		

CHICAGO BEARS

OFFENSE	NAME	COMMENTS
E	Hill, Harlon Dooley, Jim Jewett, Bob McColl, Bill	Hill, as well as the Bears, is writing off 1957. Shoulder healed, he should be scourge of NFL again. Rookie Bob Jewett gets raves. RATING—excellent.
T	Jones, Stan Lee, Willie Kilcullen, Bob Wightkin, Bill	Halas is remolding interior line, starting with Jones' switch to tackle. His running mate is a guess, but Wightkin may have his old job. RATING—good.
G	Klein, Dick Brackett, M. L. Karras, Ted	The guards could be trouble, though hopes are high for rookie Klein. Brackett will get a look, too. RATING—poor.
C	Strickland, Larry Damore, John	Strickland had a mediocre year, but should bounce back. RATING—good.
Q	Bratkowski, Zeke Brown, Ed	Zeke took half a year to get rolling, but is expected to produce. RATING—fair.
H	Caroline, J. C. Galimore, Willie Jeter, Perry Watkins, Bobby Swink, Jim	With McColl slated for slot, Halas need only seek a running mate for Casares. Galimore was a rookie flash in '57, but he can't take the pounding. So Caroline gets a shot on offense. RATING—good.
F	Casares, Rick Dickinson, Bob Douglas, Merrill	They don't stop Casares often, and Dickinson can spell him, Rick always goes at top speed. RATING—very good.
SYSTEM—Slot T. PLAYER LOSSES—t Kline Gilbert, g Herman Clark. STRENGTH—Casares, plus slippery halfbacks, plus Hill if he's healthy. WEAKNESS—Bratkowski has yet to put together a good, full season, a tackle is needed, guard is a toss-up. RATING—good.		

GREEN BAY PACKERS

OFFENSE	NAME	COMMENTS
E	Howton, Billy Knafelc, Gary McGee, Max Meilinger, Steve	Meilinger beefs up an already potent end corps. He'll play slot if Kramer's knee doesn't mend. Howton's fine, Knafelc, McGee okay. RATING—very good.
T	Masters, Norm Spencer, Ollie Vereen, Carl Gregg, Forrest	With Gregg's return, Vereen a full-fledged pro and Spencer an old hand, the Packers might finally get straightened out at tackle. RATING—good.
G	Skibinski, Joe Salsbury, Jim Kramer, Jerry Amundsen, Norm	If Skibinski and Salsbury stay healthy (they were shelved for periods last year) and Kramer comes through, interior blocking will do. RATING—fair.
C	Ringo, Jim Lauer, Larry	Ringo finally got a measure of All-Star recognition in '57. RATING—very good.
Q	Starr, Bart Parilli, Babe	Figures show Starr is a real comer. Is '58 going to be his year? RATING—fair.
H	Carmichael, Al Christy, Dick Kramer, Ron McIlhenny, Don	McIlhenny, a strong runner, and Christy might provide the balance to keep defenses hopping. The slot play hinges on Kramer's knee. RATING—fair.
F	Ferguson, Howie Hornung, Paul Nitschke, Ray	Hornung looks like a fullback for good. He lacks that starting burst, but he's tough to haul down. RATING—fair.
SYSTEM—Slot T. PLAYER LOSSES—fb Fred Cone. STRENGTH—top ends, improved line blocking. WEAKNESS—Packers need more speed in backfield; is Starr ready to star? RATING—fair.		

DEFENSE	NAME	COMMENTS
E	Holtzman, Glen Miller, Paul Smith, Billy Ray	Coaches cheered Holtzman's end play in '57 finale, and a big guy like this can give needed boost. RATING—fair.
T	Fuller, Frank Hauser, Art Strugar, George Baker, John	Hauser and Fuller are fully acclimated veterans. Strugar has the physique. And get a load of rookie Baker's 310 pounds—moves well, too. RATING—good.
MG	Richter, Les Hord, Roy	Some players say Richter can be suckered, but he gets job done. RATING—fair.
LB	Daugherty, Dick Morris, Larry Pardee, Jack Michaels, Lou	The three holdovers can't loaf before the challenge of All-American Michaels, a tough lineman with real pro qualifications. This is healthy. RATING—good.
H	Harris, Jimmy Thomas, Clendon Morris, Jack Jones, Jimmy	Here's the possible hole in Rams' defense, completely recast with rookies and ex-Eagle Harris. And first-year men are never sure. RATING—poor.
S	Sherman, Will Burroughs, Don Castete, Jesse Marks, Bobby	Sherman is solid deep man, adept on pass coverage. Burroughs utilizes his potential but won't get any faster. A rookie might make it. RATING—good.
PLAYER LOSSES—Jesse Whittenton, hb. STRENGTH—strong complement of ends, and rookie Michaels will bolster the linebackers. WEAKNESS—switch of Shofner is liable to weaken the secondary, and Rams still need deep line help. RATING—fair.		

DEFENSE	NAME	COMMENTS
E	Atkins, Doug Hoffman, Jack Cooke, Ed Adams, Tom	Atkins finally has learned to utilize his physical potential. Hoffman on other flank is steady performer. Huge rookie Cooke has a chance. RATING—good.
T	Bishop, Bill Williams, Fred Leggett, Earl Healy, Don	Unless Leggett hustles his second year, the burden will fall again on veterans Williams and Bishop, who at least have learned to avoid errors. RATING—fair.
MG	George, Bill Thurston, Fred	George, a yearly All-Star candidate, is hub of defense. RATING—very good.
LB	Fortunato, Joe Wallace, Stan Howley, Chuck	Fortunato is an acceptable LB. Drafting Howley No. 1 indicates he'll have a regular job. RATING—poor.
H	Moore, McNeil Johnson, Jack Murphy, Bill Drzewiecki, Ron	The Bears are in the market for defense HBs and got Whittenton for that spot. Johnson may come on as a soph. Murphy is a dark horse. RATING—poor.
S	Whittenton, Jesse Summer, Charley Zucco, Vic Barnes, Erich	With a season under Zucco's belt, Summer's return and a touted rookie like Barnes, no wonder Caroline could be spared for offense. RATING—fair.
PLAYER LOSSES—Ed Meadows, lb Wayne Hansen, hb R. G. Smith. STRENGTH—powerful ends, competent tackles and a bulwark in George. WEAKNESS—linebackers are not top-flight, and Bears are still trying to make secondary defense click. RATING—fair.		

DEFENSE	NAME	COMMENTS
E	Ford, Len Borden, Nate Massey, Carlton Temp, Jim	Packers are going in for size up front. Ford is a step in that direction; some big tackles may wind up at end, too. Massey could back line. RATING—poor.
T	Hanner, Dave Helliun, Jerry Kimmel, J. D. Krouse, Ray	Getting Kimmel and Krouse to go with fixtures Hanner and Helliun indicates Packers may be planning to put them all up front—some beef! RATING—fair.
MG	Forester, Bill Habig, Neil	Forester moves in and out of middle well. Habig is a comfort. RATING—good.
LB	Bettis, Tom Currie, Dan Harris, Esker Palumbo, Sam	Bettis, Palumbo injuries stymied defenses a year ago, but they're young and strong. Great hopes for Currie, who also qualifies on offense. RATING—fair.
H	Kinard, Billy Francis, Joe Symank, John Taylor, Jim	Symank's pass stealing in '57 was a pleasant surprise and he was just catching on. Somewhere there'll be room for newcomer Taylor. RATING—fair.
S	Dillon, Bobby Gremminger, Hank Switzer, Veryl	Dillon's a smoothie who always gets his share of All-Star votes. Gremminger is fast earning his keep, and it'll be nice to get Switzer back. RATING—good.
PLAYER LOSSES—hb John Petitbon. STRENGTH—tremendous size up front, deep men are good ball hawks. WEAKNESS—age-burdened; linebacking remains doubtful. RATING—poor to fair.		

CLEVELAND
BROWNS

OFFENSE	NAME	COMMENTS
E	Brewster, Darrell	Them that has, gits—Brewster has been an unsung ace, but another end was needed, so Carpenter came in from HB and proved a wow. Rookies Funston and Gibbons are big, mobile. RATING—good.
	Carpenter, Preston	
	Clarke, Frank	
	Funston, Farrell	
T	Gibbons, Jim	McCormack is the hub of the Browns' power game, a tackle who gets the job done. And Groza still has it in place-kicking or blocking. RATING—very good.
	McCormack, Mike	
	Groza, Lou	
	Goss, Don	
G	Hickerson, Gene	Insiders say that by the end of '57, the best guard in the NFL was being played by James Ray Smith, and Forester is right up with him. RATING—good.
	Forester, Herschel	
	Mitchell, Charley	
	Robinson, Fred	
C	Smith, Jim Ray	Hunter played center as if he owned it in '57; Amstutz will help. RATING—fair.
	Hunter, Art	
Q	Amstutz, Joe	Lion debacle showed QB still a problem; Plum has big potential. RATING—fair.
	Plum, Milt	
H	Ninowski, Jim	There are no problems on the wing with Renfro there. He's tops. And then you have the pleasant spectacle of a quality quintet battling for the other spot. Carpenter is a shade ahead. RATING—good.
	Carpenter, Lew	
	Hanulak, Chet	
	Campbell, Milt	
F	Renfro, Ray	They knew in '57 that Brown would be good. Now he's tops. RATING—excellent.
	Mitchell, Bob	
	Brown, Jimmy	
	Modzelewski, Ed	
SYSTEM—Wing T. PLAYER LOSSES—qb Tom O'Connell. STRENGTH—halfback depth, top FB in league, experienced line. WEAKNESS—quarterback doubts still plague Browns. RATING—good.		

NEW YORK
GIANTS

OFFENSE	NAME	COMMENTS
E	Dibble, Dorne	Rote can maneuver and McAfee can run, but Giants need an end who can go all the way, and block, too. It might be Dibble or rookie sprinter Maynard. RATING—fair.
	Rote, Kyle	
	Schnelker, Bob	
	McAfee, Ken	
T	Maynard, Don	Brown is the game's best downfield blocker. Trading Yelvington means big chance for a rookie; in a pinch Stroud could come over. RATING—very good.
	Frankenberger, J. T.	
	Day, Dick	
	Yousou, Frank	
G	Brown, Roosevelt	Alignment depends on whether Stroud is used at tackle. The guards may be weak spot, since Giants rely so heavily on running game. RATING—fair.
	Stroud, Jack	
	Spinks, Jack	
	West, John	
C	Burke, Pat	Giant coaches call Wietecha best pivot in game. RATING—excellent.
	Wietecha, Ray	
	Goebel, Jerry	
	Conerly, Charley	
Q	Heinrich, Don	Conerly's pitching, Heinrich's finesse are well known. RATING—fair.
	Gifford, Frank	
	Webster, Alex	
	Filipski, Gene	
H	King, Phil	If Webster doesn't come up with any aches and Gifford stays, Giants have best HB punch in game. King is good enough to make FB. RATING—very good.
	Triplet, Mel	
	Epps, Bobby	
F		Triplet slumped last year; he'll have to snap back to hold job. RATING—fair.
SYSTEM—Multiple T. PLAYER LOSSES—t Dick Yelvington, g Bill Austin. STRENGTH—running game with top HBs, standout center. WEAKNESS—lack a Hill-type end, might have interior line problems, so-so at QB. RATING—good.		

WASHINGTON
REDSKINS

OFFENSE	NAME	COMMENTS
E	Carson, John	Carson is an unheralded end, a fine blocker as well as receiver. Braatz, Walton vie for opposite spot. Anderson looks promising. RATING—good.
	Braatz, Tom	
	Walton, Joe	
	Anderson, Bill	
T	Boll, Don	With Lemek's knee holding up and Boll improving with age, Redskins have no tackle worries. Lemek has a chance to be one of the best. RATING—good.
	Lemek, Ray	
	Gantz, Don	
	Voytek, Ed	
G	Stephens, Red	No better blocking tandem exists in the game than Stanfel and Stephens. Stanfel had one of his great seasons. Mavraides will help. RATING—excellent.
	Stanfel, Dick	
	Mavraides, Menil	
	Laack, Galen	
C	Schrader, Jim	Schrader maintains line's blocking excellence, aided by Allen. RATING—good.
	Allen, John	
Q	LeBaron, Eddie	LeBaron must stay healthy and at top pitch to defy skeptics. RATING—fair.
	Bukich, Rudy	
H	Sutton, Ed	All teams see All-Star future for Podoley. Sutton, another soph, is in same running class but shy on blocking. Runnels has it made. RATING—good.
	Runnels, Tom	
	Podoley, Jim	
	Sommer, Mike	
F	Bosseler, Don	Bosseler was hub of Skins' rookie brigade. Seasoning, plus weight pickup, sets him as one of best. RATING—good.
	Eltor, Leo	
	Baker, Sam	
SYSTEM—Straight T variations. PLAYER LOSSES—e Steve Meilinger. STRENGTH—good blocking; the great frosh backs are now mature. WEAKNESS—one end spot might cause trouble, and LeBaron must stay healthy. RATING—good.		

DEFENSE	NAME	COMMENTS	
E	Quinlan, Bill	The kids have come along so fast that Ford was expendable. Quinlan is rough. Wiggins is his new mate. RATING—good.	
	Wiggin, Paul		
	Rayburn, Eddie		
T	Colo, Don	Colo gets publicity, and deserves it. But Gain is top man on the Browns' line. Anyhow, it's nice to have two like that—and Jordan. RATING—very good.	
	Gain, Bob		
	Jordan, Henry		
MG	Guy, Buzz		
	Costello, Vince		When Noll got hurt, Costello, an amazing rookie, was spark. RATING—good.
	Noll, Chuck		
LB	Catlin, Tom	Having Catlin from season's start, with Michaels still churning, ensures high-quality linebacking. RATING—good.	
	Michaels, Walt		
	Fiss, Galen		
H	Freeman, Bobby	Oldsters like Lahr and Paul should be slowing up, but they actually improve. Paul particularly has come into his own. Freeman is rugged. RATING—good.	
	Lahr, Warren		
	Paul, Don		
F	Reynolds, Billy		
	Konz, Ken		Lions bared a Brown weakness in defense, but maybe it was an off-day since Konz and Wren haven't been faulted before. Watch Shofner. RATING—fair.
	Wren, Lowe		
F	Shofner, Jimmy		
	Osborne, Roddy		
	PLAYER LOSSES—Len Ford. STRENGTH —tops at tackle, fine linebacking. WEAKNESS —Lions exposed weakness to deep pass in secondary, corner men getting old. RATING—good.		

DEFENSE	NAME	COMMENTS
E	Robustelli, Andy	Robustelli, the old pro, is always on the job. Katcavage is back at end, and rugged. Summerall offers kicking, plus defense protection. RATING—very good.
	Katcavage, Jim	
	Summerall, Pat	
T	Yowarsky, Walt	
	Grier, Roosevelt	Getting Grier back from the army is a real shot in the arm. When he's right, no one can touch him. Little Mo's okay, too. RATING—very good.
	Modzelewski, Dick	
MG	DeLuca, Sam	
	Nery, Ron	
	Huff, Sam	Some day the NFL will recognize Huff's superlative play. RATING—very good.
LB	Truax, Dalton	
	Svoboda, Bill	Svo and Sva aren't fully appreciated, but they're smart, all-out players who generally wind up on top of the play. Big hopes for Caraway. RATING—good.
	Svare, Harlan	
H	Livingston, Cliff	
	Caraway, Don	
	Hughes, Ed	In Crow, the Giants get what they've needed—a man who can steal passes. Hughes is a plugger, and fans insist Lott can't miss. RATING—good.
S	Lott, Billy	
	Crow, Lindon	
	Johnson, Curley	
S	Tunnell, Emlen	How long can Tunnell keep up with the Hills? Patton is tops, but he's small. Herndon might help. RATING—fair.
	Patton, Jim	
	Herndon, Don	
F	PLAYER LOSSES—none. STRENGTH—ends, tackles, linebacking solid. WEAKNESS—need secondary men who can pilfer passes, linebacking depth. RATING—good.	

DEFENSE	NAME	COMMENTS
E	Brito, Gene	Brito's always among the best two or three defensive ends. If Ostrowski slows, Brumfield, a pickup from Forty-Niners, has chance. RATING—very good.
	Ostrowski, Chet	
	Brumfield, Jackson	
T	Dee, Bob	
	Renfro, Will	This is the big gamble, trading front-liners Peters, Kimmel in hope Renfro, Khayat and Owens can handle job. Will size do the trick? RATING—poor.
	Khayat, Eddie	
MG	Owens, Don	
	Dess, Darrell	
	Drazenovich, Chuck	Every year Drazo is one of most feared tacklers in the game. RATING—excellent.
LB	Michaels, Ed	
	Felton, Ralph	Torgy slowed up woefully in '57, and there's not much to replace him. Felton on other side is only so-so. Team could stand a top hand here. RATING—poor.
	Torgeson, Lavern	
H	Fulcher, Bill	
	Radakovich, Dan	
	Bruney, Fred	Help is needed in secondary, too, when you have to rely on Bruney. But they also got Nix from the Packers, and he should help. RATING—poor.
S	Flowers, Stan	
	Nix, Doyle	
	James, Dick	
S	Zagers, Bert	Skins would like to use Zagers on offense if he could be spared. Could be, with Pettibon on hand, plus James and vets Hecker, Scudero. RATING—fair.
	Hecker, Norb	
	Pettibon, John	
F	Scudero, Joe	
	PLAYER LOSSES—t J. D. Kimmel, t Volney Peters, hb Don Shula. STRENGTH—Brito sparks ends, no better middle guard than Drazo. WEAKNESS—too much load being placed on raw talent at tackle, need another linebacker and corner man. RATING—poor.	

PITTSBURGH STEELERS

OFFENSE	NAME	COMMENTS
E	Bernet, Ed Mathews, Ray McClair, Jack Richards, Perry	Bernet was a corner before he went into service. If Lowell Perry makes it back, ends would be terrific. McClair's a good slot man. RATING—fair.
T	McClung, Willie Varrichione, Frank Michael, Bill	Varrichione is solid plunger; ex-defense-man McClung showed promise. Michael's been injury-plagued. RATING—fair.
G	Nisby, John Sandusky, Mike Krisner, Bill Thomas, Aurelius	Packer pickup Nisby proved a freshman whiz. Everybody wants him, and Sandusky was okay frosh, too. The rookies are really special. RATING—very good.
C	Beatty, Ed Gaspari, Dick	Steelers could use a big boost here. Trouble since Walsh quit. RATING—poor.
Q	Dawson, Len Kemp, Jack Morrall, Earl	Don't be surprised if Dawson supplants Morrall as the No. 1 man. Anyhow, competition can't hurt. RATING—good.
H	Wells, Billy Watson, Sid Volkert, George Davis, Art	Wells is a mighty mouse but the running spot is where the Steelers need most help. Oft-injured Davis comes back for another crack at it. RATING—poor.
F	Bowman, Bill Krutko, Larry Young, Dick Younger, Tank	Young and Bowman merely do. Big hope is that Krutko will provide power burst, blocking. Old pro Younger should mean added strength. RATING—fair.
SYSTEM—Slot T. PLAYER LOSSES—e Elbie Nickel, fb Fran Rogel. STRENGTH—top-notch at guard, okay at tackle; young quarter-backs should improve. WEAKNESS—desperately need strong and elusive running punch, power fullback. RATING—fair.		

CHICAGO CARDS

OFFENSE	NAME	COMMENTS
E	Boydston, Max Lewis, Woodley Nagler, Gern Carothers, Don	Nothing wrong with the ends that a top passer couldn't cure. Nagler is a fine receiver, Lewis a vet, Boydston just needs his health. RATING—good.
T	Teeuw, Len Lunceford, Dave McCusker, Jim Schmidt, Bob	Line blocking is crux of Card problems. Drafting huskies like McCusker is sound step, and Lunceford should show the results of '57 experience. RATING—poor.
G	Hogland, Doug Konovsky, Bob Husmann, Ed Kraus, Bob	Hogland and Konovsky will again have first call for the job, but Pop Ivy is sure to try a few others in the breach, to get his backs rolling. RATING—fair.
C	Putman, Earl Taylor, Jim	Putman has the bulk for a pivot man, if he could only move it. RATING—poor.
Q	McHan, Lamar Larson, Paul Hill, King	Hill, the bonus boy, may wind up in another position if he can't beat out exciting but erratic McHan. RATING—poor.
H	Matson, Ollie Crow, John David Bernardi, Frank Sears, Jim	Matson is still the greatest single threat in football. Crow could take some of the load off him, increase his threat. RATING—very good.
F	Childress, Joe Hammack, Mel	With Olszewski gone, Childress will shift over, become No. 1 FB. RATING—fair.
SYSTEM—split-T variations. PLAYER LOSSES—hb Dave Mann, t Jack Jennings. STRENGTH—Matson tops; ends will do. WEAKNESS—erratic at qb, need interior line blocking. RATING—poor.		

PHILADELPHIA EAGLES

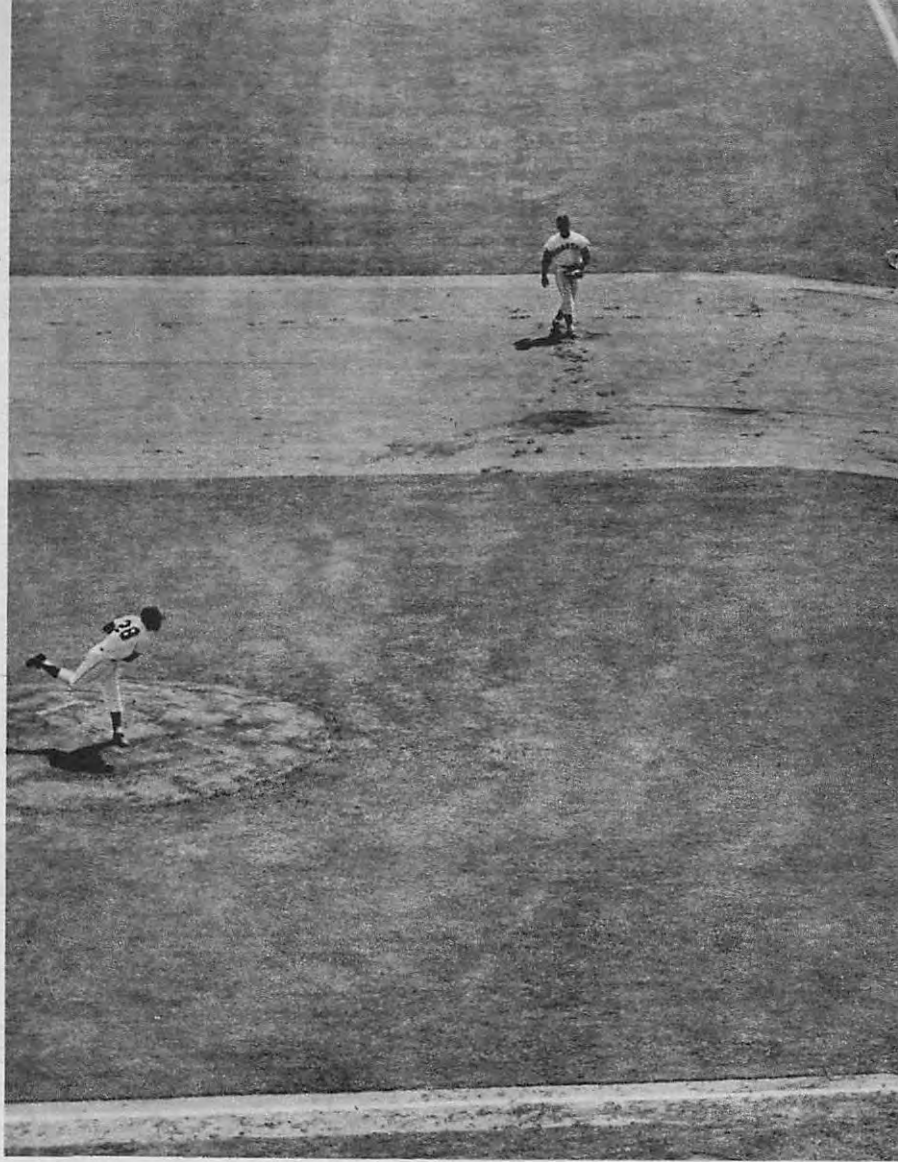
OFFENSE	NAME	COMMENTS
E	Walston, Bobby Nacrelli, Andy Bielski, Dick Stribling, Bill	The Eagles have needed topflight receivers since Pihos quit, now put hopes on Nacrelli. Walston nabs his share, Bielski should develop. RATING—fair.
T	Szafaryn, Len Jacobs, Proverb Gaona, Bob Chorovich, Dick	Szafaryn and Gaona are vets who won't set world on fire. Rookie hope of the entire line is giant-sized Proverb Jacobs, who has the potential. RATING—poor.
G	Sabal, Ron Huxhold, Ken Striegel, Bill	Trading Lansford, best offensive line-man, leaves big gap. Huxhold is all set; other job is open. RATING—fair.
C	Simerson, John Strawn, Bill	Simerson, a mild surprise in '57, gets center again by default. RATING—fair.
Q	Van Brocklin, Norm Jurgensen, Sonny Dorow, Al	Van Brocklin, the key, could take the Eagles from last to challenger, help Jurgensen develop. RATING—very good.
H	Barnes, Bill McDonald, Tommy Kowalczyk, Walt Dillard, Mel	If Barnes stops fumbling, there's no harder running back in the game. Kowalczyk, Dillard rated sure-fire. McDonald to end again. RATING—good.
F	Peaks, Clarence Worden, Neil Ulm, Joe	Once he got the hang of it and knew his knee was okay, Peaks proved a terror at fullback. RATING—good.
SYSTEM—Wing and slot T. PLAYER LOSSES—qb Bobby Thomson, t Buck Lansford, g Mel Mavrides. STRENGTH—The Dutchman at qb makes the difference; great running backs. WEAKNESS—lack of top receivers, thin at guard. RATING—good.		

DEFENSE	NAME	COMMENTS
E	Tarasovic, George Henry, Mike Smith, Hal	Tarasovic may have found niche, but McPeak's retirement, O'Neill's loss put it up to raw rookies. RATING—fair.
T	Stautner, Ernie Krupa, Joe Liddick, Dave Lewis, Joe	Stautner may be getting old but he's still tough. Review of movies convinced Steeler coaches that Krupa was their big ace anyhow. RATING—very good.
MG	Doddrill, Dale Priatko, Bill	Doddrill's another who should be slowing up, but still has it. RATING—good.
LB	Reger, John Lasse, Dick Leahy, Jerry	This is where the Steelers need beefing up, and maybe Lasse's the man. Reger's best of the lot. RATING—poor.
H	Alban, Dick Glick, Gary Cichowski, Gene Aldrich, Larry	Alban and Glick aren't speed demons, but they've been around long enough to know position and do a competent job as corner men. RATING—fair.
S	Butler, Jack Derby, Dean Reed, Leroy Zador, Bill	There's no better deep man in football than Butler, and Derby might provide him a running mate on speed alone. Zador a dark horse. RATING—very good.
PLAYER LOSSES—e Bill McPeak, e Bob O'Neill, hb Fred Bruney. STRENGTH—Krupa's comethrough makes tackles impregnable, the secondary has savvy. WEAKNESS—must depend on rookies at end, no real class in linebacking department. RATING—fair.		

DEFENSE	NAME	COMMENTS
E	Sugar, Leo Jelacic, Jon Prendergast, Dick Pepsin, Tom	Sugar gives you everything that his size permits. From somewhere in the rookie crop will have to come a big man to play the other end. RATING—poor.
T	Ulrich, Chuck Pasquesi, Tony Bock, Wayne Butkus, Ron	Ulrich and Bock are the big men you need to anchor a line. They had an off-year in '57, but should snap back. Pasquesi helps at MG. RATING—fair.
MG	Weber, Chuck Barrington, Paul	Maybe a year under fire was what Weber needed to prove himself. RATING—poor.
LB	Sanford, Leo Brettschneider, Carl Tubbs, Jerry	Brettschneider gets better, Sanford's an old reliable and Tubbs is broken in. Cards are set here. RATING—very good.
H	Lane, Dick Rechichar, Bert Hill, Jim Nolan, Dick	Lane's reflexes are still great, and Rechichar, obtained from Colts, is type they always pick for Pro Bowl. Nolan has Hill to beat out. RATING—good.
S	Sagely, Floyd Carr, Jim Conrad, Bobby Joe Jackson, Charlie	Not having Crow (Lindon) in the secondary hurts, but the other Crow (John David) may be used to augment Sagely and Conrad. RATING—fair.
PLAYER LOSSES—e Pat Summerall, hb Lindon Crow. STRENGTH—linebacking shaping up, reshuffle of secondary might help. WEAKNESS—could be weak at end, middle guard. RATING—fair.		

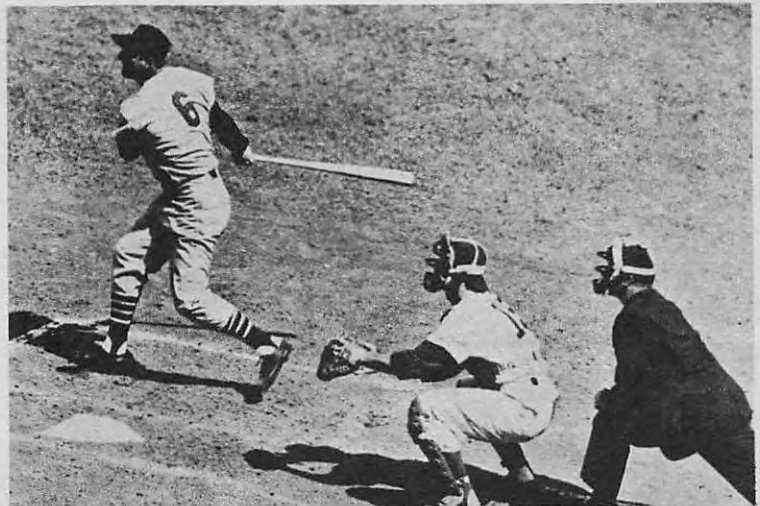
DEFENSE	NAME	COMMENTS
E	Weatherall, Jim Youngelman, Sid Scott, Tom Meatheringham, M.	If hefty Weatherall and Youngelman had mobility, Eagles would have no wing problems. Scott, a good one, may wind up a corner linebacker. RATING—fair.
T	Campbell, Marion Richardson, Jess Saidock, Tom Peters, Volney	If Peters is in good shape, he'll be valuable to fellow veterans Campbell and mammoth Richardson. It's hard to go through all that beef. RATING—fair.
MG	Bednarik, Chuck Pellegrini, Bob	Bednarik still strong, and they'll have to use Pellegrini. RATING—good.
LB	Hudson, Bob Koman, Bill McElhaney, Hal	Koman was a big boost last year. Hudson can do the corner job and Scott moves back to help, too. RATING—fair.
H	Bell, Ed Brookshier, Tom Retzlaff, Pete Ryan, Rocky	This has been a problem. Bell can't see well enough for pass defense. Brookshier not tops yet; moving Retzlaff from offense could help. RATING—poor.
S	Norton, Jerry Riley, Lee Crabtree, Jack Thompson, Jimmy	Norton on verge of being league ace. Returns punts very well, too. Harris trade leaves Riley with virtually a lock on other deep spot. RATING—good.
PLAYER LOSSES—e Norm Willey, hb Jimmy Harris, t Frank Wydo. STRENGTH—lots of beef up front, Bednarik and Norton All-Stars. WEAKNESS—line lacks mobility, paucity of linebackers is serious, as is absence of corner men. RATING—poor.		

1958 SPORTS HIGHLIGHTS



April 15th: Script by O'Malley. Ruben Gomez, of the San Francisco Giants, fires the first pitch to Gino Cimoli of the Los Angeles Dodgers

The 1958 baseball season officially opened with a game between the Dodgers and the Giants. Ruben Gomez pitched for the Giants, beating Don Drysdale 8-0 with a six-hitter. The long-time rivalry was at its accustomed pitch, the fans were more than slightly partisan, and the faces were familiar. But the game was played in San Francisco's old Seals Stadium, the new Giant home, while the Dodgers had come up from their new bailiwick in Los Angeles. This time it was no fantasy printed in a New York paper to warn the fans that such a thing could happen if they didn't begin coming to the park more regularly. The fans had been reading these "if" columns for some time, had paid no attention, and under their very noses Walter O'Malley and Horace Stoneham had picked up their franchises and headed west. The uproar was deafening. The East Coast sneered that the L.A. Coliseum's leftfield screen, known as "The Thing" (250 feet from home plate), was the greatest travesty in baseball's history, that O'Malley was a swindler out to obtain possession of Chavez Ravine more for its potential oil wells than its use as a ball park, and unpleasant epithets were hurled indiscriminately at both O'Malley and Stoneham. Seemingly unaffected were the six other clubs who simply wanted to play ball, and the West Coast fans, who reflected smugly that New York, through indifference, had become the provincial town, while they could now offer everything from Cinerama to a



Stan Musial taps out the shot heard in Cooperstown—his 3000th major-league hit. Only seven others have made it in the game's history

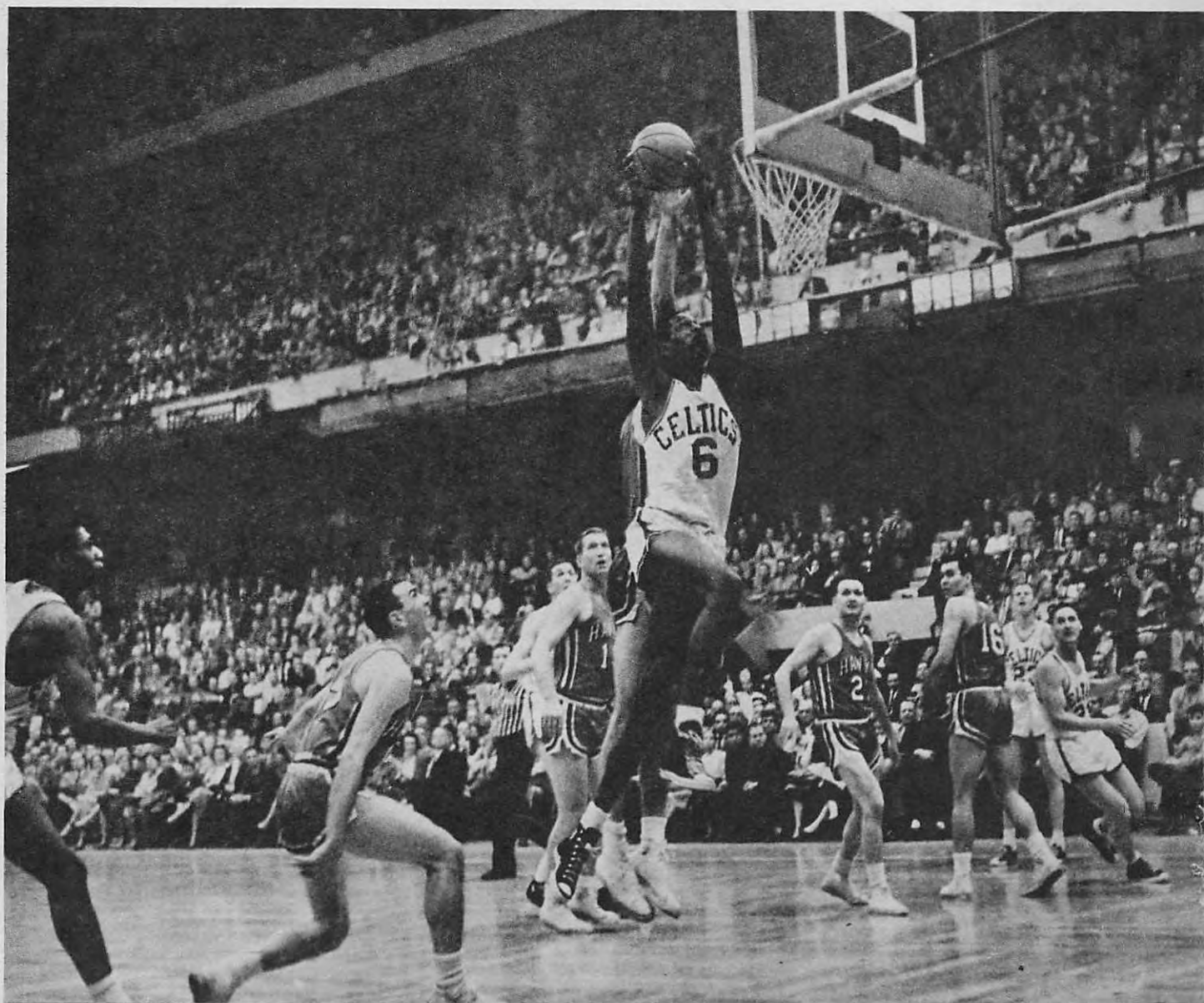
First big-league double play out on the West Coast got Walker and Furillo, who were just as sad as if it had happened in Flatbush



The Giants' Willie Mays wastes no time getting acclimated. Here he slides into second and is safe as Pee Wee Reese bobbles throw from Neal



Above, the 7-foot Wilt Chamberlain sold himself to the Globe Trotters for roughly \$10,000 a foot. Right, two of the St. Louis Hawks close in on a Celtic sitting duck as they clawed their way to the championship of the NBA



Betting men would have laid 2-1 on the Celtics, 1957 title holders, to repeat in '58. St. Louis proved the odds way off



Above, the Richard brothers score on Ranger goalie, Lorne Worsley, and not even a change of position (below) avails against the fraternal double threat that promises to be augmented by a third Richard some time in the near future. The Canadiens are complacent, not to say smug; the rest of the League is unnerved

SPORTS HIGHLIGHTS: 1958—Continued

possible World Series. (Culprits Walter and Horace, of course, cried all the way to the bank.) And the Yankees had the richest baseball area in the U.S. to themselves.

Meanwhile, on May 13, in a game against Chicago, Stan (the Man) Musial pinch-hit a double that was heard around the baseball world. With it, he joined an elite group (Cobb, Speaker, Wagner, Collins, La Joie, Waner and Anson) by collecting his 3,000th hit in the

majors. Consensus: "Couldn't happen to a nicer guy."

The round-ball buffs had a few surprises, too. Wilt (the Stilt) Chamberlain, basketball's seven-foot college prodigy, decided that \$65,000 was more attractive than a senior year at the University of Kansas, and announced his decision to turn pro. Kansas was regretful but surprisingly docile, and the Philadelphia Warriors, who were first in line, settled back to wait out his year with the Harlem Globe Trotters. (According to NBA rules, he cannot join the Warriors until next June.)



The Montreal Canadiens, league powerhouse, surprised no one by taking the 1958 flag, and they're still loaded for bear

SPORTS HIGHLIGHTS: 1958 — Continued

In this same league the St. Louis Hawks came through after a six-game play-off series with the Boston Celtics to take the championship—their fourth win, this time by a 110-109 score. The heavily favored Celtics bowed, not ungracefully, on April 12.

Back at the ice ranch, the pulverizing Montreal Canadiens swept everything in front of them, to no one's surprise. The other teams, and in particular New York's Rangers, viewed two of the Canadien assets with a somewhat jaundiced eye. These were the Richard brothers—Maurice the Rocket and Henri the Pocket-Rocket. From the frozen north drifted a rumor that, better than either of these devastating forwards, was still a third brother—Claude the Vest-Pocket-Rocket.

Although the rest of the league wishes no one any harm, they hope this third Richard is greatly overrated.

Then there was Silky Sullivan, the redhead who didn't win the Kentucky Derby but was still pin-up boy for more bettors than the two-dollar window has ever seen; Althea Gibson, who collected her second Wimbledon title; and Tommy Bolt, golf's perennial bad boy, who took the U.S. Open and was promptly fined for conduct unbecoming a winner and a gent for his walk-out at the Pepsi-Cola tournament, along with a few harsh words to a Pepsi official. It was quite a year—leisure-conscious America had rarely had it so good with the sports pages, because all the boys came to play, and there were some great ones.

NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE

CHAMPIONSHIP SCHEDULE—1958

SUNDAY, SEPT. 28th

Chicago Bears at Green Bay	1:05
Cleveland at Los Angeles	1:35
Detroit at Baltimore	2:05
New York vs Chicago Cards at Buffalo, N. Y.	2:05
Pittsburgh at San Francisco	1:35
Washington at Philadelphia	1:35

SAT. NITE, OCT. 4th

Chicago Bears at Baltimore	8:35
Washington at Chicago (Cards)	8:15

SUNDAY, OCT. 5th

Cleveland at Pittsburgh	1:35
Detroit at Green Bay	1:05
Los Angeles at San Francisco	1:35
New York at Philadelphia	1:35

SUNDAY, OCT. 12th

Baltimore vs Green Bay at Milwaukee	1:05
Chicago Cards at Cleveland	2:05
Los Angeles at Detroit	1:35
New York at Washington	2:05
Philadelphia at Pittsburgh	1:35
San Francisco at Chicago (Bears)	1:05

SUNDAY, OCT. 19th

Baltimore at Detroit	1:35
Chicago Cards at New York	2:05
Green Bay at Washington	2:05
Los Angeles at Chicago (Bears)	1:05
Pittsburgh at Cleveland	2:05
San Francisco at Philadelphia	1:35

SUNDAY, OCT. 26th

Chicago Bears at San Francisco	1:35
Cleveland at Chicago (Cards)	1:05
Detroit at Los Angeles	1:35
Philadelphia at Green Bay	1:05
Pittsburgh at New York	2:05
Washington at Baltimore	2:05

SUNDAY, NOV. 2nd

Chicago Bears at Los Angeles	1:35
Detroit at San Francisco	1:35
Green Bay at Baltimore	2:05
New York at Cleveland	2:05
Philadelphia at Chicago (Cards)	1:05
Washington at Pittsburgh	1:35

SUNDAY, NOV. 9th

Baltimore at New York	2:05
Chicago Cards at Washington	2:05
Detroit at Cleveland	2:05

Green Bay at Chicago (Bears)	1:05
Pittsburgh at Philadelphia	1:35
San Francisco at Los Angeles	1:35

SUNDAY, NOV. 16th

Baltimore at Chicago (Bears)	1:05
Chicago Cards at Philadelphia	1:35
Cleveland at Washington	2:05
Los Angeles at Green Bay	1:05
New York at Pittsburgh	1:35
San Francisco at Detroit	1:35

SUNDAY, NOV. 23rd

Chicago Bears at Detroit	1:35
Los Angeles at Baltimore	2:05
Philadelphia at Cleveland	2:05
Pittsburgh at Chicago (Cards)	1:05
San Francisco vs Green Bay at Milwaukee	1:05
Washington at New York	2:05

THURS. NOV. 27th (THANKSGIVING DAY)

Green Bay at Detroit	12:00
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SUNDAY, NOV. 30th

Chicago Bears at Pittsburgh	1:35
Los Angeles at Chicago (Cards)	1:05
Philadelphia at New York	2:05
San Francisco at Baltimore	2:05
Washington at Cleveland	2:05

SAT., DEC. 6th

Baltimore at Los Angeles	1:35
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SUNDAY, DECEMBER 7th

Chicago (Cards) at Chicago (Bears)	1:05
Cleveland at Philadelphia	1:35
Green Bay at San Francisco	1:35
New York at Detroit	1:35
Pittsburgh at Washington	2:05

SAT. AFTERNOON, DEC. 13th

Chicago Cards at Pittsburgh	1:35
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SUNDAY, DEC. 14th

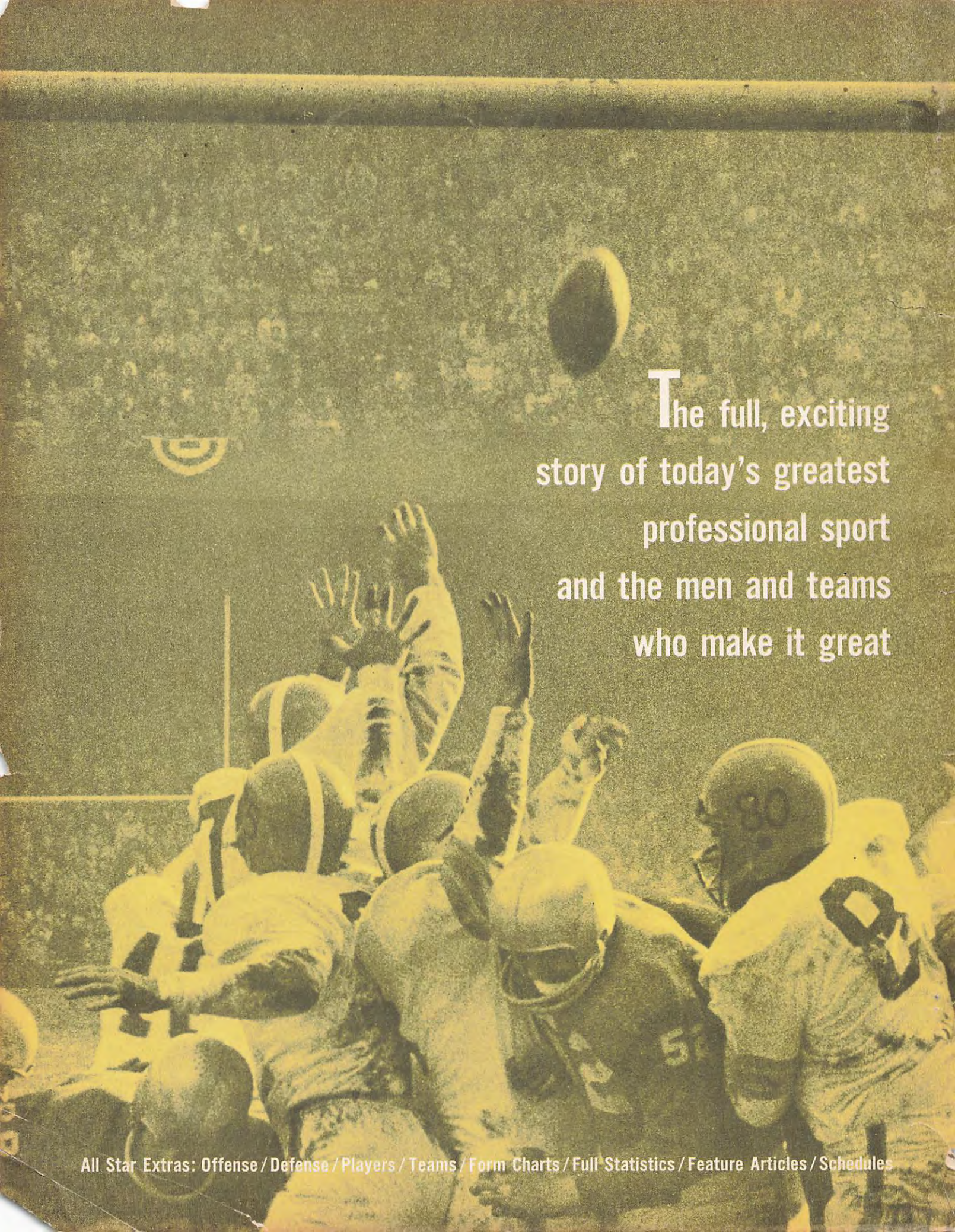
Baltimore at San Francisco	1:35
Cleveland at New York	2:05
Detroit at Chicago (Bears)	1:05
Green Bay at Los Angeles	1:35
Philadelphia at Washington	2:05

SUNDAY, DEC. 28th

World's Championship playoff in Home City of Eastern Conference Champions.

SUNDAY, JAN. 11, 1959

ALL STAR PRO-BOWL GAME at LOS ANGELES



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